

## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its 35th year. It is the oldest paper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest in the English language. It is a large paper, containing 40 columns of news, and is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It is a valuable source of information to the community, and its circulation is large. It is published by the Mercury Publishing Co., 105 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Andrew B. Mello, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 21st and 28th Thursdays. 12:15.  
GENERAL THAMES OAM, Spanish War Veterans, Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. 8:00.  
KIDWON LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Sidney H. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander, Robert E. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 8:00.  
DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. S. R. of P., Elvyn Knight, Captain; F. A. O. Hargis, J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays. 8:00.  
NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lank, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 8:00.  
J. J. Thompson Lodge, President; Joe. Daniels, Treasurer; Daniel Rosen; Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### Motor Chemical Tested.

Newport's first automobile chemical engine has arrived at last, and is ready for service as a part of the Newport Fire Department. It has been a long time since the order was placed for those who have had an opportunity to look the apparatus over think that it will fill the bill pretty well. The Robinson chemical engine arrived in a freight car on Monday and early Tuesday morning a representative of the company was on hand to unload it. It was then driven to the fire headquarters under its own power, and the various attachments which had been taken down for convenience in shipping were put into place. Under the skillful hand of the company's representative the new machine was then taken out for a little running up. The run to the corner of Broadway and Blue road which is a break-breaker for horse-drawn apparatus, was accomplished in no time and then the course was down the hill to the bridge. An attempt was made to put the machine up (Miltonom) hill but when part way up it came to a sudden stop, owing to the fact that the gasoline tank was not full enough to feed the carburetor on the steep incline. There was no criticism of the ability of the engine though. The next day it was decided to change the location of the gasoline tank a trifle so as to bring it into position for constant feed, no matter how steep a grade might be encountered. After the adjustment of the gasoline tank, the engine seemed to run finely. Mayor MacLeod and the board of aldermen were taken out for the official test Thursday afternoon and everything worked well. The machine was sent up Miltonom avenue from the foot of the hill and made the climb without a hitch even though it was carrying thirteen men in addition to full equipment. After a run around the Ocean Drive and through all parts of the city there was a test of the chemical pressure tanks on Marlborough street. After a little adjustment everything was found to work well.

### The Navy Circus.

The Navy circus at the Training Station on Thursday evening for the benefit of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. was a complete success and netted a considerable sum. It was an ideal night and the scene was a beautiful one, the lawn and buildings at the Station being illuminated with electric lights in a variety of patterns while a full moon looked down upon the scene. There was an immense attendance, the summer residents being present in large numbers in their autos, while the Point line of the Newport & Providence Railway did a big business. The show was a most creditable one. The first number was a parade and drill of the regiment of apprentices, and this was followed by the circus parade, in which many novel features were introduced. Following the parade there were many performances of different kinds given, all of which elicited much applause. Mr. William F. Marshall of Washington is spending a couple of weeks with his mother, Mrs. Frank Marshall, in this city.

### Double Tracks Wanted.

Considerable tumult has been caused among property owners along Spring and John streets by the appearance of a number of surveyors who are said to be looking into the feasibility of a double track of the street railway along those streets. Those who have followed the workings of the surveyors seem to think that the railroad would like to double track the rest of Bath road to Bellevue avenue, then take John street to Spring and double track Spring street from Levin street to Broadway, where connection would be made with the existing double track. That this plan is warring much antagonism goes without saying. Residents of John street are bitterly opposed to it, while abutters on Spring street are also bitter even though they feel that conditions on that street could hardly be much worse than they now are.

The project is hardly likely to be a popular one among citizens generally. The use of the double tracks on Bath road, which were granted to the company for the sake of better handling of the crowds to the beach, has not been marked by sufficient intelligence to encourage further gifts of this kind to the company.

It is acknowledged everywhere that better facilities for reaching the beach are imperatively needed before another season, and many are hoping that the other line, the Newport & Providence Railway, will develop a route to the beach through the northern section of the city. There is no question but that this can be done and the travel handled over that route with less disturbance to other traffic than through the narrow and congested streets over the Bellevue avenue bill. This plan would be popular where the other would be very unpopular.

### Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, there being considerable important business for consideration. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved and several minor licenses were granted. There were two bids for repaving to the Van Zandt avenue bridge, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter before the contract was awarded.

The board took up the matter of accepting the Robinson fire apparatus. It appeared that the machine was not quite complete according to the specifications, some parts having been ordered by telegraph and being expected in a few days. Dual wheels are to be used on the machine, and there is a searchlight and electric, exploring light still due. The board thought it advisable to wait until these parts came before accepting the machine. A communication was also received from the Robinson Company regretting the delay in shipment and offering to give bond for delivery in case they receive the contract for the other chemical engine. Later several ballots were taken on the matter of awarding the contract for the other engine. The deadlock still continued, three voting for the Pope Hartford machine and three for the LaFrance. The Robinson did not figure at all in the returns.

The matter of street car service was again brought up. The conditions on Franklin street where the company keeps its cars waiting were condemned and a committee was appointed to further look into the matter. It seemed to the board that the company could hold its cars on Commercial wharf for a small payment.

### Two Sailors Drowned.

Thomas Sharpe and P. J. Finnegan, seamen at the Torpedo Station, were drowned in the harbor at an early hour Tuesday morning and two other men had a narrow escape from a similar end. The exact cause of the fatality has not been determined. Four men from the Torpedo Station were in a row-boat apparently cruising to Newport, when in some way the boat was upset. The men called for help and their cries were heard aboard the destroyer Perkins lying at the Torpedo Station wharf. A boat was hurriedly sent to the rescue and two of the men were pulled from the water but the other two were nowhere to be found and were finally given up for lost. The two men that were rescued were in bad condition and one of them had to be taken to the Hospital for treatment.

The Board of Trade held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, when the business transacted had to do mostly with mail and telephone service. The committee on mail accommodations was continued for a time, to see if they could devise some means to secure earlier morning mail. A formal protest in regard to a phase of the telephone service was made by the board. Two members were elected, and a change was made in the date and place of meeting.

### A Showery Sunday

Last Sunday was the most oppressive day that Newport has known for a long time. The temperature was high, although not abnormally so, and it was the humidity that caused the real suffering. Even after the electrical storms had passed over the city there was no let-up in the uncomfortable feeling, but during the night the temperature dropped suddenly and for the rest of the week it has been really cool.

The oppressive weather made it a great day for bathing at the beach. Long before most people are up on a Sunday morning all the bathing accommodations at the beach were taxed and it was not long before a line had to be formed in order to get bathing suit and house. The water and sands were covered with people all day, and all the attractions along the board walk did a big business. The cars and boats brought in big crowds of people all day long, and the presence of the ships here helped to add to the crowds at all the places of interest.

There was some fun when the first shower broke in the afternoon. Thousands of people were out trying to get a breath of fresh air, and although there had been shower clouds hanging around the horizon for some hours there appeared to be no immediate danger of rain in Newport. Suddenly the heavens opened and the downpour began. There was a rush for shelter everywhere, but many people were unable to get under cover before they were drenched to the skin. It did not rain very long, but while it did there was a large amount of water in the air.

There was a sudden scampering at the beach when the rain began, although those who were wise enough to simply get inside the buildings fared the best. Street cars and omnibuses were crowded to their limit everywhere. The request at the foot of Bull street was an animated one, the city cars coming along and dumping their passengers for the Fall River cars onto the open sidewalk. There was a lively rush for the suburban cars as they came in, and some passengers had to take the wet end of the seats.

After the first shower the sun came out brightly and it really seemed to be hotter than ever. The ground sent up clouds of steam from the added moisture on the hot ground. Later on there were other showers and in the aggregate there was a considerable amount of rainfall, but the ground was so hard and dry that most of the water ran off without striking it.

Jamestown had a kind of free show last Saturday afternoon, when Auctioneer Fred W. Greene of Newport sold off a large tract of land in small lots, added by a brass band. It had been advertised that 1000 free tickets would be given away for the trip to Jamestown by ferry, but at the appointed hour there were only about 200 passengers all told. The Military Band accompanied the crowd, and helped to draw a crowd on the Jamestown side as well. All the lots were sold, many of them being bought to by a relative of the auctioneer. As a rule the prices seemed rather low.

There are rather strenuous days for the police and the treasury of the court has been depleted very materially by fines paid for various minor offenses. A sailor had a dispute in a Long wharf restaurant and encountered the business end of a shovel, for which the clerk paid \$23.60. A sailor for whom the police have been looking for some time for participation in a "break," and also the driving away of a horse, has been apprehended and is now held with his companions to await action of the grand jury. There have been many minor offenses.

The body of Edwin Sanborn, of Quincy, Mass., who was drowned in the Bay on July 30, was found off the Bradford coasting station on Monday. The remains were turned over to an undertaker and were shipped to Quincy for interment. Sanborn fell overboard from the steamer Warwick, which was bringing a special excursion to this city.

Officer Freeborn S. Coggeshall is back on duty after having been on the night force since last spring. He has his old post at the corner of Thames street and Long wharf and handles the traffic at that congested corner to excellent fashion. His last night on the night force was celebrated by plunging overboard at Long wharf to rescue a man who had fallen into the water.

Rear Admiral Silas Casey, U. S. N., who died in Virginia on Thursday, was a native of Rhode Island, and was well known to Newport. He was placed on the retired list a number of years ago and had since resided in Washington.

The last few week days have seen large crowds of strangers at the beach, there being many excursions in town by special boats.

### Drowned at Jamestown.

There was a sad accident to a picnic party from Newport at Jamestown last Sunday. Felix Morroni, being drowned while his children and friends looked on powerless to help him. The fatality came at the end of an unusually pleasant day's outing.

A party of about fifty went from Newport to the Cottrell farm near Mackerel cove to spend the day. Felix Morroni took a few of them down in his small power boat and the rest went by the ferry. When it came time to return, most of them proceeded to the ferry, while Morroni took his four children and a number of friends in his power boat. The loading of the passengers into the boat from the shore had to be done by means of a skiff. Several trips had been made, and the last of the passengers were loaded into the skiff for the last trip. In some way the skiff overturned when part way out to the power boat and its occupants were thrown into the water. Those in the power boat were not familiar with the engine and were unable to start it, so could only yell for help. Two men from Jamestown finally came to the aid of the party and securing a boat rescued one man, but Morroni could not be found. After a fruitless search he was given up for lost and the party was sent back to Newport by the ferry boat.

Morroni leaves four children, the youngest being only two years of age and the oldest 11. His wife died a few months ago, and since then he has taken the children everywhere he went, being devoted to them. He was about 37 years of age and owned a prosperous cobbler's shop opposite the Perry Mill building.

### A Worthy Cause.

The Shiloh Baptist Church is making a big effort to pay off its indebtedness. It is a worthy cause and those who have means should aid it. Rev. Mr. Jeter, the pastor, has labored with this church for nearly forty years and he has done a vast amount of good. He has increased the membership and enlarged the usefulness of the people many fold. We hope he will accomplish the object so near to the heart of seeing the church free of debt.

The Civic League house in the new Aquidneck Park was the scene of its first lecture on Saturday afternoon, when Dr. William Burdick of Baltimore delivered an interesting address on "Playgrounds and Playfields." As Dr. Burdick is a Newport boy and well acquainted with local conditions, his suggestions were of more practical value than they would have been if coming from an outer stranger. The speaker laid much stress upon the necessity for adequate supervision for the full value to be obtained from the municipal playground, and he thought that Newport is not deserving all the benefit she ought from the two large playfields on account of lack of proper supervision. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Burdick replied to a number of questions asked by the audience.

Mr. Daniel J. Coughlin, who has been secretary of the Newport Historical Society for a number of years, was the recipient of a handsome gold watch at the regular meeting of the Society on Tuesday evening. Mr. Coughlin is about to leave Newport, having resigned his position as head gardener at the E. Rollins Morris estate and will go to Long Island to fill a similar position on a big estate. The presentation speech was made by Colonel Andrew K. McMahon in behalf of the Society.

The polo games on the Westchester polo field have attracted much attention this week, and polo in Newport seems to be as popular as it ever was in the old days of the grounds adjoining Morton park and "Deadhead Hill." Practically everybody that attends the games on the new field goes down by auto, and the scene on the ground where the machines are pushed is interesting in the extreme. The grounds are in excellent condition this year and have helped to make for fast play.

Funeral services for the late Mr. Catherine C. Tilley, who died in Winchester, Mass., last week, were held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel on Sunday afternoon. Rev. G. A. Hulbert officiating. The interment was in the family lot in the Island Cemetery. The bearers were John B. Tilley, Fred M. Hammett and Lincoln Hammett of Newport, Fred L. Sherman and Robert L. Peckham of Little Compton, and George A. Tilley of Wilmington, Del.

Mr. John Anderson of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Gifford at their home on Marlboro street.

Mr. John Nelson has purchased the Weiner estate at the corner of Thames and Mary streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius W. R. Callahan have returned from their wedding trip.

### Secretary Chaplin Resigns.

Mr. Willard H. Chaplin has tendered his resignation as general secretary of the Newport Y. M. C. A. in order to accept a similar office in the New Bedford Association, a vacancy having existed there for some months. The resignation has been accepted by the board of directors of the local association and a committee has been appointed to draw up resolutions of regret at his departure. The executive committee will at once look around for a suitable successor for Mr. Chaplin.

Mr. Chaplin has been in Newport since November, 1907, and his administration has been marked by many accomplishments. He helped to design the new building which was given by Alfred G. Vanderbilt and had full charge of its use after it was completed. He has worked hard for the advancement of the local organization and has seen it develop wonderfully. He has also been active in the mental and moral improvement of the people of the city as a whole, and has been so active a worker in the United Congregational Church.

Mr. Chaplin's letter of resignation was as follows: "Board of Directors, Newport Young Men's Christian Association. 'Gentlemen: After nearly six years of delightful associations and only after earnest deliberation, I have concluded to tender my resignation as general secretary of this Association, in order to accept an invitation to become the general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in New Bedford, Mass.

"I am appreciative of the happy recollections that have been established during these years of associated effort and it is only because of an opportunity involving a great responsibility and I believe with Divine approval, that I feel justified in asking you to pass on to another the duties and the privilege of this office.

"According to our contract my resignation will take effect in two months, but if by mutual agreement I may be released from duty at an earlier date I shall appreciate the opportunity. 'Trusting that the service which I have rendered may stand the test of time and hoping that the memories and the friendships of the past few years may become a permanent source of satisfaction and enlightenment in all our lives, I wish to remain as ever 'Your friend, 'WILLARD H. CHAPLIN.'

Mr. Emily C. Carrasco died at her apartment on Broadway last Saturday evening, after having been in failing health for a long time. She was a daughter of the late Dr. Charles Cotton and sister of the late William B. Cotton, who conducted a drug store on Thames street for many years. She is survived by a son, Mr. Charles Cotton Carrasco, of Boston, and several nephews and nieces. A sister, Miss Augusta Ayres, is now the only survivor of a family of fourteen children.

The Newport Ice Company does not seem to fear very seriously the competition in local circles for it is still accumulating the property of the defunct Arctic Ice Company. This week the stable property on Broadway street, the land where the ice houses stand, at Green End road, and all the personal property of the Arctic Company has been turned over to the Newport Ice Company by deed.

Eliza Burke, a Port Adams soldier, was tried in the District Court this week on a charge of assault with a knife. The testimony showed that he had been followed down Thames street by a number of boys who finally set upon him. Judge Franklin found that he used the knife in self-defense and discharged him.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament will open at the Newport Casino next Monday and from present indications it will be of as much interest as any of its predecessors. The Boxes and grandstand seats have found a ready sale and if the weather is favorable there will be a large attendance. Friday was the Feast of the Assumption, a great day in the Roman Catholic Church. There were many laithers at all the recognized churches, and also at many places where the general public seldom gather. The waters are supposed to be especially beneficial on this one day in the year.

The body of Morroni was found floating in the water off the Jamestown shore on Thursday by a party of friends who had instituted a search for it. The remains were badly disfigured and identification was made by means of articles found in the pockets.

Colonel Edward A. Steiman has purchased the Clark Burdick property on Powell avenue and will make his home there after his marriage in October.

Mrs. Esther Cleveland, a daughter of the late President Grover Cleveland, has been visiting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Case Ledyard.

Mr. Vincent Atoll's new hydroplane has arrived and will soon be seen in the harbor. It is a beauty and is said to possess an immense speed.

### MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The annual parish picnic of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel was held on Friday of last week at Bethshan in the Woods. Soccer was played under the direction of Rev. John B. Dwyer and refreshments were served by Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant and assistants.

Rev. Edward E. Wells, closed his series of morning talks on the ship Wyoming on Sunday, the fleet sailing early in the week. Members from Middletown have visited the ship and a number of the sailors have been seen at the afternoon and evening services here. At the afternoon service Sunday a class of 13 probationers was baptized and with the addition of one from a Newport church, received into full membership, a total of 14. This has been the largest number to enter the church at one time in a period of years. There is a prospect also of a second class being formed at no distant period. The pastor made a brief address to the new members. In spite of the late heat there was an excellent attendance. An interesting fact concerning the probationers' class was that it practically covered all ages from several young people at 14 and 15 to an aged woman 83 years of age. There were 8 women and 6 men.

But few escaped the downpour which came so suddenly Sunday afternoon although the rain was so greatly needed that no one could feel other than thankful. There was but a small attendance at the evening service at the Methodist Episcopal Church on account of the rain. Adverse weather conditions having interfered with the attendance at the neighborhood loan exhibition held by Miss Emma Chase in July, the affair will be repeated by request on Wednesday next, August 27. Miss Chase herself, has a large and rare collection of antiques. Afternoon tea will be served. The proceeds will be added to the fund of the club of St. Mary's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor have as guest their son, Mr. Jack Taylor of New York who is home on a two week's vacation.

Mr. Walter Ruel Cowles, former medical director at St. George's School, now professor of music at Yale, acted as organist at St. Columba, on Sunday. Mr. Cowles is spending his vacation at the school. During August, Rev. James P. Conover, in celebrating the Holy Eucharist at 10:15 and also the preacher at the 11 o'clock service, assisting Rev. John B. Dwyer. Rev. Latta Griswold is expected home from England early in September.

Mrs. Daniel B. Hazard is entertaining Mrs. Lizzie Peckham Marshall of Providence. Mrs. Marshall is a sister of Mr. Howard R. Peckham and is well known in Middletown, her former home.

The annual fair for the benefit of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel was held on Tuesday at the Berkeley Parish House. At 6 o'clock supper was served the four long tables being conducted by Mrs. Wm. O. Hubbard assisted by Mrs. Lawrence Peckham; Miss Lizzie Peckham by Mr. Earl Peckham; Miss A. L. Winthrop Peckham by Mr. Russell Morgan Peckham; Mrs. Beatrice B. Peckham by Mr. Lloyd Peckham. Mrs. Wm. V. Hart was in charge of the tea and coffee. The supper committee included Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, chairman; Mrs. Beatrice B. Peckham, and Mrs. Ida Givens. There were tables for the fancy and domestic articles, candy, cake, etc., and upon the lawn a large tent was used for ice cream. There was also a novel array of straw and green shrubbery with a hurehous opening where a swan's head received the fee for the grab. This was conducted by the Misses Dorothy Champlin Peckham and Orville Hazard. The Harry K. Howard orchestra furnished music. Messrs. Russell M. Peckham and Wm. V. Hart attended the entrance and reported 225 admissions. This did not include the large corps of helpers. Super tickets were sold by Miss Nellie R. Peckham and those for ice cream by Mr. Henry Nissen of Newport. Mrs. Joseph F. Albino as vice president of St. Columba's Guild had charge.

The Women's Auxiliary of Holy Cross and St. Mary's Churches held a well attended meeting with Mrs. Fred Coggeshall on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. J. Alton Barker as president conducted the meeting. Rev. F. W. Goodman, being in charge of the devotions. Mrs. Phoebe E. T. Macomber presented the monthly current events from "The Spirit of Missions" reading also an article for Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes, who was absent, upon "A Bishop's views of the Board of Missions." Mr. E. A. Peckham had a prepared paper upon "Tithing." The Auxiliary has recently voted \$18.87 for the renewal of the vestments for the choir at St. Paul, Alaska, where Rev. Mr. Goodman supplied last year. The September meeting will be held with Mrs. Chas. M. Hull, Mrs. Geo. W. Thurston and Mr. Harold R. Chase to present papers.

The "fuss" about the noisy motor boats has taken a new turn. Ever since the General Assembly passed the law requiring mufflers on motor boats the office of the Newport police department has been flooded with complaints regarding the noise made by early morning fishermen who either did not carry the mufflers or who opened them up so that the engine noise was not affected by them. Chief Crowley did not seem to know just what powers he had in the matter, so he laid it before the Attorney General of the State. He has received a letter from the Attorney General's department that it is the duty of the Sheriff's Office, rather than the Newport police department to look after violations of the law. This puts a new phrase on the matter, and the Deputy Sheriff's may find that they are obliged to take up a course in navigation.

# DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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## CHAPTER XXI. Fickle Martha.

FOR my part, as the train kept getting further and further north, my feelings kept getting more and more mixed. It came to me that I might be steering straight for a bunch of trouble. It was Martha that done it. All this past and gone love story I had been hearing about reminded me of Martha. And I was steering straight toward her and no way out of it. How did I know but what that there girl might be expecting for to marry me or something like that? Not but what I was awful in love with her whilst we was together, but it hadn't really set in on me very deep. I hadn't forgot about her right away. But pretty soon I had got to forgetting her oftener than I remembered her. And now it wasn't no use talking. I just wasn't in love with Martha no more and didn't have no ambition to be.

But I was considerable worried about Martha. She was an awful romantic kind of girl. I couldn't shut my eyes to the fact we was engaged to each other legal, all right. And if she wanted to not mean about it and take it to a court it would likely be blinding on me. Then I says to myself if she is mean enough to do that I'll be done if I don't go to jail before I marry her and stay there.

And then my conscience got to working inside of me again. It wasn't but what I liked Martha well enough. It was the idea of getting married and staying married made me feel anxious. Being married may work out all right for some folks. But I knowed it never would work any with me. Or not for long. Because why should I want to be tied down to one place or have a steady job? That would be a mean way to live.

Of course, with a person that was the doctor's age it would be different. He had done his running around and would be willing to settle down now. I guessed, and leave off being just a travelling fakir.

Well, I thinks to myself now that he has got to be that muggy her and him won't suit so well now, even if they does get their differences patched up. For all the forgiving in the world ain't going to change things or make them no different. But so long as the doctor appeared to want to do her so durned bad I was awful glad I had been the means of getting him and Miss Lucy together.

We had to change cars at Indianapolis to get to that little town. We was due to reach it about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. And the nearer we got to the place the nervous and nervous all three of us become and not owning we was.

"Now," I says to them two as we got off the train, "foller me and I will show you the house."

Well, it has always been my luck to run into things without the right kind of a fix up ahead of time. They was three or four pretty good stories I had been trying over in my head to tell Martha when I seen her. Any one of them stories might of done all right, but I hadn't decided which one to use, and, of course, I run plumb into Martha. She was standing by the gate, which was about twenty yards from the veranda.

I jest says to her: "Hello!"

Martha, she is surprised to see me. And she looks scared too.

"Is Miss Buckner at home?" asks Colonel Tom, lifting his hat very politely.

"Miss B-B-Buckner!" Martha stutters, very scared-like and not taking her eyes off of me to answer him.

"Miss Hampton, Martha," I says.

"Y-y-y-es, a-sh-she is," says Martha, a wonder what was the matter with her.

It is always my luck to get left all alone with my troubles. The doctor and the colonel they walked right past us when she said yes and up toward the house and left her and me standing there. When I next looked up they was all in the house.

"Martha!" I begins. But she breaks in.

"Danny," she says, looking like she is going to cry, "don't I look at me 44-like that. If you knew all you wouldn't blame me. You—"

"Wouldn't blame you for what?" I asks her.

"I know it's wrong of me," she says, beggar-like.

"Stebbs it is and mebbe it ain't," I says. "But what is it?"

"But you never wrote to me," she says.

"You never wrote to me," I says, not wanting her to get the best of me, whatever it was she might be talking about.

"And then he came to town!"—

"What?" I asks her.

"Don't you know?" she says. "The man I am going to marry."

When she said that I felt all of a sudden like when you are broke and hungry and run across a half dollar you had forgot about in your other pants. I was so glad I jumped.

"Great guns!" I says.

I had never really knowned what being glad was before.

"Oh, Danny, Danny," she says, putting her hands in front of her face, "and here you have come to claim me for your bride!"

"Martha," I says, "you ain't acted right with me."

"Oh, Danny, Danny," she says, "I know it; I know it!"

"Some fellows in my place," I says, "would raise a dickens of a row."

"I did love you once," she says, looking at me from between her fingers.

"Yes," says I, acting real melancholy, "you did. And now you've quitted. They don't seem to me to be nothing left to live for. Some fellows would kill themselves on the spot."

"Oh, oh, oh!" says Martha.

"But, Martha," says I, "I ain't that mean. I ain't going to do that."

"That dern girl neckshellay give me a disappointed look. If anything, she was jest a bit too romantic," Martha was.

"No," says I, cheerin' up a little; "I ain't going to do something they ain't many fellows would do. Martha, I'm going to forgive you, free and fair and open, and give you back my half of that ring, and—"

Dern it; I had forgot I had lost that half of that there ring! I remembered so quick it stopped me.

"You always kept it, Danny," she says, me, very soft spoken, so as not to give pain to one so faithful and so noble as what I was. "Let me see it, Danny."

I made like I was feeling through all my pockets for it. But that couldn't last forever. I run out of pockets pretty soon. And her face began to show she was smelling a rat. Finally I says:

"These ain't my other clothes—it must be in them."

"Danny," she says, "I believe you lost it."

"Martha," I says, taking a connect, "you know you lost your hair!"

She owns up she has lost it a long while ago. And when she lost it, she says, she knowed that was fine and that our love was doomed to under an evil star. And who was she, she says, to struggle again?

"Martha," I says, "I'll be honest with you. Fate got away with my hair, too, one day when I didn't know they was crooks like her slicking around."

Well, I seen that girl scold through me then. Martha was awful smart sometimes. And each one was so durned tickled the other one wasn't going to do any pinning away we like to of fell into love all over again. But not quite.

"But," says Martha, after a minute, "if you didn't come back to make me marry you, what does Dr. Kirby want to see Miss Hampton about? And who was that with him?"

I had been nigh to forgetting the main thing we had all come here for, in my gladness at getting rid of my danger of marrying Martha. But it come to me all at once I had been missing a lot that must be taking place inside that house.

"Martha," I says, "they ain't no Dr. Hartley L. Kirby. The man known as such is David Armstrong!"

I never seen any one so petrified as Martha was for a minute.

"Yes," says I, "and the other one is Miss Lucy's brother. And they are all three in there straightening themselves out and finding where everybody gets off at, and why. One of these here serious times you read about. And you and me are missing it all, like a couple of gumps. How can we hear?"

Martha says she don't know.

"You think," I told her, "We've wasted five good minutes already. I've got to hear the rest of it. Where would they be?"

Martha guesses they will all be in the sitting room, which has got the best chairs in it.

"What is next to it? A back parlor or a bedroom or what?"

Martha says they is nothing like that to be tried. She says, "Danny, it wouldn't be honorable to listen."

"Martha," I tells her, "after the way you and me went and jilted each other, what kind of senses of honor have we got to brag about?"

She remembers that the spare bedroom is right over the sitting room.

CHAPTER XXII.

My Own Folks.

MISS LUCY was half settling on, half leaning against, the arm of a chair. Which her head was jest a bit bowed down so that I couldn't see her eyes. But they was the beginnings of a smile onto her face. It was both soft and sad.

"Well," says Colonel Tom, "you two have wasted almost twenty years of life."

"There is one good thing," says the doctor. "It is a good thing that there was no child to suffer by our mistakes."

"You call that a good thing?" she says in a kind of wonder. And after a minute she sighs. "Perhaps," she says, "you are right. Heaven only knows. Perhaps it was better that be died."

"Died!" sings out the doctor. And I hear his chair scrape back like he had riz to his feet sudden. I nearly busted my neck trying fur to see him, but I couldn't.

"Yes," she says, with her eyes wide, "didn't you know he died?" And then she turns quick toward Colonel Tom.

"Didn't you tell him?" she begins. But the doctor cuts in.

"Lucy," he says, his voice shaking and creaking in his throat, "I never knew there was a child!"

No one says anything for a minute. And then Miss Lucy says again:

"Yes—he died."

And then she fell into a kind of a muse. I have been myself in the fix she looked to be in then—you forget for a while where you are or who is there whilst you think about something that has been in the back part of your mind for a long, long time.

What she was musing about was that child that hadn't lived. I knowed all in a flash, while I looked at her there, why she had adopted Martha for her child.

It was a wonderful look that was onto her face. And it was a wonderful face that look was on to. I felt like I had known her forever when I seen her there.

Miss Lucy, she was one of the kind there's no use trying to describe. The fellow that could see her that-a-way and not feel made good by it order have a whaling. Not the kind of sickly, good feeling that makes you uncomfortable, like being pestered by your conscience to fine a church or quit cussing. But the kind of good that makes you forget they is anything on earth but jest braveness of heart and being willing to bear things you can't help.

Colonel Tom, he clears his throat. Like when you are awful dry.

"The truth is," he begins.

And then he breaks off again. Miss Lucy turns toward him when he speaks. By the strange look that come on to her face there must of been something right curious in his manner too.

"The truth is," says Colonel Tom, trying it again, "that I—well, Lucy, the child may be dead, but he didn't die when you thought he did."

There was a dash of hope fired into her face that I hated to see come there. Because when it died out in a minute, as I expected it would have to, it looked to me like it might take all her life out with it.

"Why did you never tell me this—that there was a child?" says the doctor, very eager.

"Wait," says Colonel Tom, "let me tell the story in my own way."

Which he done it. It seems when he had went to Galesburg this here child had only been born a few days. And Miss Lucy was still sick. And the kid itself was sick and liable to die any minute, by the looks of things.

Which Colonel Tom wishes that it would die in his heart. He sure hates the idea of it and he hates the sight of it. The second night he is there he is setting in his sister's room, and the woman that has been nursing the kid and Miss Lucy, too, is in the next room with the kid.

She comes to the door and beckons to him, the nurse does. He tiptoes toward her, and she says to him, very low voiced, that "it is all over," meaning the kid has quit struggling fur to live and jest natchurally floated away. The nurse had thought Miss Lucy was asleep, but as both her and Colonel Tom turn quick toward her, her bed they see that she has heard and seen, and she turns her face toward the wall. Which he tries fur to comfort her, Colonel Tom does, but she stares in a wildered way at him and lays there and looks desperate and says nothing.

In his heart Colonel Tom is awful glad that it is dead. He can't help feeling that way, and he quits trying to talk to his sister, fur he suspicious that she will catch onto the fact that he is glad that it is dead. He goes on into the next room.

He finds the nurse looking awful funny and bending over the dead kid. She is putting a looking glass to its lips. He asks her why.

She says she thought she might be mistaken after all. She couldn't say jest when it died. It was alive and feeble, and then pretty soon it showed no signs of life. It was like it hadn't had enough strength to stay and had jest went. It didn't show any pulse, and it didn't appear to be breathing, and she had watched it and done everything before she beckoned to Colonel Tom and told him that it was dead, but as she come back into the room where it was she thought she noticed something that was too light to be called a real flutter move its eyelids.

Colonel Tom he just stands there and watches that nurse fight fur to hold onto the little mist of life she thinks now is still into it. Finally the nurse begins fur to cry. Not because she is sure it is dead, but because she is sure it is coming back. Which it does, slow.

"But I have told her that it is dead," says Colonel Tom, jerking his head toward the other room where Miss Lucy is lying. He speaks in a low voice and closes the door when he speaks. Fur it looks now like it was getting strong enough so it might even squall a little.

"I don't know what kind of a look there was on my face," says Colonel Tom, telling of the story to his sister and the doctor, "but she must have seen that I was—and heaven help me, but I was—sorry that the baby was alive. It would have been such an easy way out of it had it been really dead!"

"She mustn't know that it is living," I said to the nurse finally," says Colonel Tom.

"You don't mean—" said the nurse, startled.

"No, no," I said. "Of course—not that. But—why should she ever know that it didn't die?"

"Don't you want her to know?" asks the nurse.

"No," I said. "The long and short of it was, Colonel Tom went on to tell, that the nurse went out and got her mother. Which the two of them lived alone only around the corner, and give the child into the keeping of her mother, who took it away then and there.

The nurse's mother kept it all that week, and it thrived. Colonel Tom was coaxing of his sister to go back to Tennessee. But she wouldn't go. So he had made up his mind to go back and get his Aunt Lucy Davis to come and help him coax. He was only waiting fur his sister to get well enough so he could leave her. She got better, and she never ast fur the kid nor said nothing about it, which was probable because she seen he hated it so. He had made up his mind before he went back after their Aunt

winter time. There is a register right through the floor of the spare bedroom and the ceiling of the sitting room. Not the kind of a register that comes from a twisted around shaft in a house that uses furnace heat, but jest really a hole in the floor, with a coal iron grating, to let the heat from the room below into the one above. She says she guesses two people that wasn't so very honorable might sneak into the house the back way, and up the back stairs and into the spare bedroom and lay down on their stomachs on the floor, being careful to make no noise, and both see and hear through that register. Which we done it.

I could hear well enough, but at first I couldn't see any of them. But I gathered that Miss Lucy was standing up whilst she was talking and moving around a bit now and then.

"Prentiss McMakin came to me that day," she was saying, "with an appeal—I hardly know how to tell you." She broke off.

"Go ahead, Lucy," says Colonel Tom's voice.

"He was insulting," she said. "He had been drinking. He wanted me to—to-be-appealed to me to rub off with him."

"I was furious—naturally." Her voice changed as she said it enough so you could feel how furious Miss Lucy could get. She was like her brother Tom in some ways.

"I ordered him out of the house," Miss answer to that was an offer to marry me. You can imagine that I was surprised as well as angry—I was perplexed.

"But I am married!" I cried. "The idea that any of my own people, or any one whom I had known at home would think I wasn't married was too much for me to take it all at once."

"You think you are," said Prentiss McMakin with a smile. "But you are not."

"I wish you to understand that Prentiss McMakin did it all very, very well. That is my excuse. He acted well. There was something about him—I scarcely know how to put it. It sounds odd, but the truth is that Prentiss McMakin was always a more convincing sort of a person when he had been drinking a little than when he was sober."

"He told me that you and he, Tom, had been to Clarksville and had made investigations and that the wedding was a fraud. And he told it with a wealth of convincing detail. In the midst of it he broke off to ask to see my wedding certificate. As he talked he laughed at it and tore it up, saying that the thing was not worth the paper it was on, and he threw the pieces of paper into the grate."

"He ended with an impassioned appeal to me to go with him."

"I showed him the door. I pretended to the last that I thought he was lying to me. But I did not think so. I believed him. He had done it all very cleverly. You can understand how I might, in view of what had happened."

"I wanted to see Miss Lucy—how she looked when she said different things, so I could make up my mind whether she was forgiving the doctor or not. Not that I had much doubt but what they would get their personal troubles fixed up in the end. The iron grating in the floor was held down by four good sized screws, one at each corner. They wasn't no filling at all between it and the iron grating that was in the ceiling of the room below. The space was hollow. I got an idea and took out my jackknife."

"What are you going to do?" asks Prentiss McMakin.

"Sh-sh-sh," I says; "shut up and you'll see!"

One of the screws was loose, and I picked her out easy enough. The second one I broke the point off of my knife blade on. Like you nearly all ways do on a screw. When it snapped Colonel Tom he says:

"What's that?" He was powerful quick of hearing, Colonel Tom was. I laid low till they went on talking again. Then Martha slides out on tiptoe and comes back in three seconds with one of these here little screwdrivers they use around sewing machines and the little oil can that goes with it. I oils them screws and has them out in a holy minute and lifts the grating from the floor careful and lays it careful on the rug.

By doing all of which I could get my head and shoulders down into that there hole, and by twisting my neck a good deal see a little ways to each side into the room instead of jest underneath the grating. The doctor I couldn't see yet and only a little of Colonel Tom, but Miss Lucy quite plain.

When I listens again they are burying that there Prent McMakin. But without any flowers.

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In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a word to the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

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# Scrap Book

Turned the Joke:

They were holding the annual charity bazaar in an English town, and the rich merchant of the place, followed by his pompous footman in smart livery, was going from stall to stall, spending his money freely.

"Ah, Mr. Fitzbrandon," said a really sweet and charming lady at one of the stalls, "and what are you going to buy? Dear old auntie and I are running this table, and we have homemade cakes, aprons, penwipers and—"

"Yes," said F., "and I'll buy just one of each. But do you sell kisses at your stall?"

"Oh, certainly!" came the ready reply. "One guinea each."

"Right!" replied the autocrat. "Then I'll take a couple—and good morning, please!"

"Annie!" remarked the fair and dainty dame. "Forward, please!—Two kisses for this gentleman!"

The old lady drew near, and for a moment the man of means was non-plussed, but only for a moment. Then he turned to his servant:

"James!" he said coolly. "Just take this purchase, please!"

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# BORE HIS HONORS WEEKLY.

Likewise the Substantial Trimmings That Went With Them.

While he was attache of the British embassy in Washington the late Henry Labouchere, when a young man, turned up in New York one day hungry and penniless.

At noon, with his usual reckless daring, he entered a Broadway chop-house—one Muldoon's—and ordered a modest meal. But he had no idea how he would pay for this meal. Perhaps he would leave his hat or boots in pledge for it. As he pondered the matter he noticed that the waiters, who were staring at him oddly, were all Irishmen. Were the waiters aware of his lack of funds? His luncheon seemed strangely long in coming. But just then a waiter bent over him and whispered:

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you the patriot Meagher?"

Now, Meagher, Labouchere knew, had aided Smith O'Brien in his Irish rising, had been deported to Australia, and had escaped thence to New York. The ready young man, in answer to the waiter's question, put his forefinger upon his lip. "Hush," he murmured. And he looked around the room cautiously.

It was at once felt that Labouchere was the patriot Meagher. And so the choicest wines were set before him, and in place of the modest chop he had ordered, a luncheon of nine or ten elaborate courses was brought on.

At the end, lighting one of the establishment's finest cigars, Labouchere demanded his bill. His waiter smiled, retired and soon came back with a big, handsome man—the proprietor himself. The proprietor, bending over the youth, said earnestly:

"From one like you, I sufferer in the good cause, I can take no money. It has been a privilege to serve you, sir. Permit a brother patriot to shake you by the hand."

And Labouchere shook hands with the proprietor and with the dozen waiters and stalked forth into the cold world with the stern, but indomitable look which it seemed to him that an exiled patriot should wear.

THE PATRIOT MEAGHER.

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# WILLIS IS BARKING.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of the novelist, emigrated to Australia and died in Sydney at the age of fifty-one.

He represented a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales for six years. Once when he was addressing the house in Sydney he was again and again emphatically interrupted by a member named Willis.

At last Mr. Dickens stopped to remark: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willin'.' Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.'" The house laughed and the interruptions ceased.

THE HOUSE LAUGHED.

THE HOUSE LAUGHED.

Established by Franklin in 1764.

## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131  
Home Telephone 1339

Saturday, August 16, 1913.

The United States sends back fifteen thousand undesirable immigrants every year. "The steamship companies" ought to learn that Uncle Sam does not take everything they bring to his shores.

It is claimed that the call for the statement of condition of the National banks of the country was made for Saturday as to put the banks in an unfavorable light as possible. That day being a half holiday the deposits are smaller than on any other day. This Administration seems to be constantly on the watch to put somebody or something to a hole.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, now in London, but who has just returned from the Balkan battlefield, says that the number of troops engaged in many of the actions was as high as 400,000, while the casualties were higher than at the battle of Gettysburg or Waterloo. The General ought to be good authority as no man living in this country has seen more fighting than his General Miles.

The state of New Hampshire will bring suit against South Carolina to enforce the payment of \$50,000 repudiated bonds, part of a bequest to New Hampshire State College. This seems to be something like the case Rhode Island had on its hands a few years ago with North Carolina repudiated bonds. It is true that the question was settled and those southern states that have repudiated their debts be made to settle up.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell predicts that some one can go by airship from North America to Europe, by way of Newfoundland and Ireland, within 24 hours, the distance being less than 2000 miles, and recent aeroplane records being over 100 miles an hour. At high altitudes the speed will increase approximately according to diminution of density, while the speed of the machine will be condensed air as to increase the supply of oxygen. This may be all right but give us a good ship on the water when we go.

The Massachusetts primary law is causing both candidates and voters much trouble. Under the law the state has to undergo the troubles of practically two elections each year. The campaign for nomination is more strenuous than the campaign for election. The nomination for candidates for both parties comes off next month, and for a long time past the would-be office holders have been button-holing the dear people for votes. On the Republican side three men are carrying on a hot campaign for the Governorship. Everett C. Benton who was defeated last year, began the day after today his place for the coming year. Gay, Foss, who has been three times elected as a Democrat, has now come out a full fledged Republican and is seeking signs all over the state, and now Congressman Gardner, Senator Lodge's son-in-law, has thrown himself into the fight. There may yet be others. The beauty of this primary law is that the man seeks the office. It was formerly, in theory at least, claimed that the office sought the man.

## How About Newport?

The New Haven people send out the statement that "Contracts have been signed and work is under way on three new stations on the Old Colony division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. These will be at Buzzard's Bay, East Bridgewater and Seaside. Work on the Buzzard's Bay and East Bridgewater stations is almost completed, while the construction of the new station at Seaside is about to be commenced."

Wonder if they have forgotten that Newport is still on the map and is one of the terminals of their lines? Furthermore have they forgotten the promise made many months ago that Newport should have a new station? We are a very patient people in Newport. We submit to most any kind of treatment. We have submitted for many years to a shed for a railroad station that is not only a disgrace to the city, but to the road which maintains it. The Company can build pretentious and ornamental stations for other places which are insignificant compared with Newport but they continue to give us the "go by." There is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue.

The report the Company sends out goes on to say "These three stations will be essentially of the new order of station architecture, of artistic design and rather on the Spanish type, and as such will be in marked contrast to the structure of the old days. All of them will have landscape features which are intended to enhance their attractiveness. All of these stations will have hot water heat and electric lights, and will be as comfortable and convenient for the purposes of railroad travel as they are artistic."

These three utterly unimportant places compared with Newport can have all these fine things while Newporters and her thousands of visitors must still continue to feast their eyes on this Marlborough street cow shed.

## Uncle Sam as Express Agent.

That the express companies have fallen on various times is shown by a number of things other than the stock market. The introduction of the parcel post cut down the small-package business of the companies 30 per cent, according to their own statement, but recently changes have been made which will take much more than this proportion. One of these changes is the C. O. D. system. For a fee of 10 cents the government now collects for goods and returns the money. This is less than the old C. O. D. fee of the companies. Since this system went into effect a few weeks ago there has been a tremendous increase in the parcel post business from city distributors to country customers, though it was announced as a special facility for farmers, it led them to work up trade with city consumers. Instead of 30 per cent, this system will probably take 50 per cent. of the small-package business, if not more. The department also insures up to \$50 for a fee of 8 cents. All this extra revenue comes with scarcely any increased expense. The companies were scarcely in a position to object to these new facilities, but they did object, through senators and representatives, to the proposed increase of weights to 20 pounds. That increase would take away a large quantity of their best paying business. It costs practically no more to handle 20 pounds than 11 pounds, but the revenue is larger. It is the best-paying business of the package kind, and the postmaster general wants the government to have it. It is scarcely conceivable that Congress will dare to interfere in this matter, where it is so palpably a revenue getting measure, and the change in weights will probably go into effect January 1. With all these new facilities the parcel post should handle the bulk of the small-package business under 20 pounds in weight.

On the top of all this the new order of the Interstate Commerce Commission reducing express rates by a total of \$25,000,000 a year, as figured on last year's business, comes as a finishing touch. The reduction will not be so much as that, because every package taken away by the parcel post lessens the total reduction caused by lower rates, but that is cold comfort. The companies would rather handle the business at the low rate than lose it entirely. According to an announcement just made by the president of the Textile Farmer's union, an arrangement has been made with one of the express companies to act as sales agent between farmers and city customers. The farmers are to ship the goods to the company and the latter will sell them and remit the proceeds, retaining only the express charge and collection fee. This effort to compete with the parcel post in the rural trade shows the urgency of the matter. Its success will depend upon all the elements of the business, which include getting the packages started as well as delivering them, in the former of which the post has the advantage. It is plainly to be seen that the parcel post will soon develop into the parcel carrying system of the country, if influences at work can be prevented from placing obstacles in the way of its development.

President Chamberlain of the Grand Trunk road, in reply to a foolish article lately published in the Providence papers and elsewhere to the effect that J. Pierpont Morgan ordered the Grand Trunk to keep out of New England on penalty of losing its Vermont Central line, says: "The enemies of Rhode Island are not in New Haven, nor in Montreal, nor in London. They are in Providence. They are not very numerous, but they are powerful for good or evil, and they have not been doing good during the past year." There is more truth than poetry in that statement.

President Wilson tells his Democratic Senators that they must not make any trade with the wicked Republicans whereby the tariff bill can be disposed of quickly and a recess of Congress taken, leaving the currency matters for the regular session. If there is not some compromise made by the majority it looks as though Congress might be in continuous session till time for the regular session in December. Hard lines for the poor Congressmen who must summer in the hot city of Washington.

New York State is in a great mud-dle. The lower house has voted to impeach Governor Sulzer and they claim that by that vote he is ousted from the governorship. Lieutenant Governor Glynn claims to be Governor, while Sulzer refuses to vacate. New York thus has two governors at the present time, and the end is not yet.

There is one state in which the peach crop has not been ruined. Missouri is boasting the largest crop in her history. Send some of them along this way. They are high enough here to indicate a peach famine the world over.

Patrick Cudshy, the great beef-packer, says that cheap meat is a thing of the past, and that even the free cattle provided for under the new tariff act will not bring back the old-time low prices.

In a New Hampshire town of 1000 inhabitants 200 have undergone operations for appendicitis. Good work for the doctors.

So far the direct Balkan war outlay is placed at \$1,250,000,000. The sick man of Europe is the most expensive of invalids.

## Changes Made on the Shore Line.

For the past eighteen months the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has been engaged in making extensive improvements at Westerly, R. I. This work is now practically completed, and the result has been a decided change in the main line between New York and Boston at this point.

One feature of the improvement scheme has been the elimination of a dangerous road crossing at this point. Besides this the curve of the road at this point has been lengthened, the tracks raised four feet, a new station, freight yard and freight house have been built and automatic electric signals installed.

In lengthening the curve at Westerly it was necessary to move the bridge over the Pawcatuck River a distance of 125 feet. After the abutments had been completed the bridge was moved by bawlers without interrupting a single train. The Canal street crossing was eliminated by raising the tracks four feet and depressing the street to pass under them. A portion of this expense was shared by the city of Westerly.

The construction of a freight yard necessitated cutting down a hill, and the excavation of 15,000 cubic yards of material. The yard will have eight tracks and a freight house 50 by 250 feet. A seven track bridge over West street and a four track bridge over High street were part of the improvement. The station at Westerly is strictly representative of the new type of station architecture adopted by the New Haven, a type which combines the practical with the artistic, and makes of the railroad station a decided landscape feature sure to harmonize with the City Beautiful idea, about which so much is heard to-day.

The new station is 125 feet long and 40 feet wide, with granite train platforms 750 feet long. These platforms contain open air shelters with seats in the style of country houses. The station is of stone with a four-foot brick base and has a roof of Spanish red tile with open timber cornices. The main entrance is in the form of a portico with stone granite columns and arches. The interior has a hard wood trim and the waiting and toilet rooms have promenade like floors. A circular drive way with flower beds completes the landscape feature.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At the regular meeting of the Town Council on Monday afternoon communication was received from Governor Putnam, stating that complaint had been made to him in relation to gambling in the town, and asking the council to take such action as will stop it. The town sergeant was ordered to remove all slot machines.

The petition of the Providence Telephone Company for permission to trim trees on Wapping Road, Union street and West Main Road was granted, the work to be done under supervision of the highway surveyor, and with the consent of the abutting owners.

It was voted that the recommendation of State Record Commissioner Brigham, to provide small fire extinguishers for the town clerk's office, and a tin case for loose papers in the vault, be carried into effect by the town clerk.

It was voted that the town's note in the sum of \$2000 be approved, payable to the town treasurer.

Voted to meet Tuesday, September second, to revise the voting list. A number of bills were ordered paid.

In probate court the petition of Maud Dela, administratrix of the estate of Ella J. Fish, for permission to sell certain real estate at private sale, was referred to Sept. 8th.

The petition of Anna P. Murphy to be appointed administratrix of the estate of her mother, Margaret H. Murphy was referred to September 8th.

The first account of Mary J. C. Robinson, guardian of Mildred I. Boyd was continued to Sept. 8th.

The inventory of the estate of John S. Potter was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petition of William F. Brayton and Emma L. Brayton, that Benjamin L. Denon of Providence, be appointed guardian of the person and estate of William S. Brayton, a person of unsound mind, was allowed and bond required in the sum of \$1000 with Henry C. Anthony as surety and John L. Tallman, David H. Anthony and Sylvanus P. Fish as appraisers.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Sisson gave a party Sunday in honor of the former's mother, Mrs. S. Anna Sisson, whose birthday it was. It was a complete surprise to Mrs. Sisson. Supper was served and a social evening was spent.

Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Miss Rose Freeman, Mr. Peter Duffy and Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick gave several musical selections.

Mrs. Edward B. Ayler and her daughter, Miss Alice Ayler have been attending the Smith Mills Camp meeting.

Mrs. Matilda Sherman is spending some time with Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell of Newport.

Miss Irene Sewall has been spending some time in Bristol as guest of Miss Katherine Graham upon her return home she was accompanied by Miss Graham who will remain for a short visit.

Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony is entertaining Miss Bertha McDuff of Providence. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Congdon of East Providence have also been visiting Mrs. Anthony.

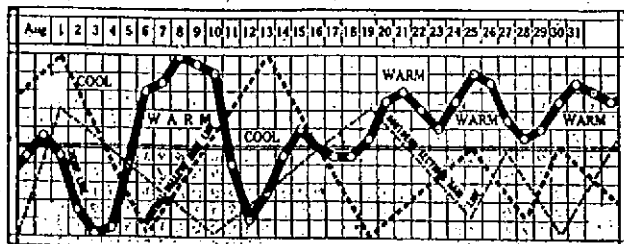
Mrs. Alfred H. Borden who has been in poor health for some time is again confined to her bed.

Miss Alice Conway and Master Francis J. Conway who have been spending the past month with Dr. and Mrs. Abram Chase of Jacksonville, N. Y., have returned to their home.

Mrs. Charles Coggeshall is visiting Mrs. Pelay A. Coggeshall. Mr. Coggeshall has also been the guest of his



## WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperatures of August will average above normal east of Rockies and rainfall below; a warm, dry month; the best of corn crop weather. Cooler than usual west Rocky Ridge. Some severe weather but storm forces will be much less than in previous months. See weekly weather bulletin.

In above chart the triple line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it as the weather for a area move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 14, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent August 18, to 22, with wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24. This storm wave will tend toward higher temperatures and drier weather, just when the corn crop will most need rain, but, as the old adage would say, it is a poor wind that blows nobody good. Dry, warm, weather will be best for the spring wheat country, both for maturing late crops and for threshing.

The July rains gradually progressed southward, giving some much needed moisture to the cotton states but we expect the heat and drought also to progress southward and that cotton will get similar damage late in August, to that which corn received early in the month.

Indications are that September will be warm and dry. That will hold back the northern frosts and be favorable to late northern crops but will be hard on late growth of cotton and will not put the soil in good condition for fall grain sowing.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about August 22, cross Pacific slope by close of 28, great central valleys 24 to 26, eastern sections 27. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about August 22, great central valleys 24, eastern sections 26. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about August 26, great central valleys 27, eastern sections 29.

This will cause warm, dry, weather, bad for cotton and late corn. Too

mother but has returned to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Oscar Miller gave a musicale recently to about 30 friends. The music was furnished by Prof. Verre of Paris, who is Mrs. Miller's guest. Prof. Verre is well known to musical circles in Paris, having been awarded the gold medal from the highest musical society in France.

Mr. William R. Hunter and Dr. F. P. Conway who have been spending the past two months in Europe will leave for home August 17th.

Portsmouth Grange celebrated "Children's Night" at Fair Theatre with moving pictures and recitation. Miss Alice Marshall and Miss Wilkie giving the recitations. Ice cream and cake were served in Fair Hall and there was dancing. About 150 were present.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry C. Anthony have been entertaining Mrs. Christiana Sisson of Middletown.

Miss Ruth Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bailey of New Bedford, has been visiting Miss Elizabeth Anthony.

The officers of the Newport County Agricultural Society have leased the two large lots north of the grounds for use at the Fair this Fall. One lot will be used as parking space for automobiles and carriages. It is planned to have a pony and dog show in a large tent on the grounds. The pens for sheep and swine are new and there are twice as many cattle sheds as formerly.

The remains of the late Julian Potter, who died this week, were brought to this city on Tuesday for interment in the church yard of the Berkeley Memorial parish. Mr. Potter was a son of the late Edward T. Potter, and his mother is spending the summer at her Newport cottage.

Perry-Solomon himself admitted that he was puzzled by "the way of a man with a maid." Mrs. Perry-Well, he'd have been more excited over the way of a maid with a new set of

## Through the Wilds Down the Allagash

(203 Miles by Canoe)

It is one of the wonder vacations of the world. You go by train to Moosehead Lake away down in the

## WILDS OF MAINE

There you get your camp supplies, and guides, and guides of Indian. The next morning you're off for 200 miles through the forest scenery of unimaginable beauty—still water, quick water, rapids, waterfalls. You cross nine exquisite, lonely lakes—Chesuncook, Umbagog, Mud, Chamberlain, Eagle, Churchill, Umbagog, Long, Round—and so into the Allagash River, into the St. John, to Fort Kent on the Canadian border. (Get out your map.) You come out brown and happy and made over in body and nerves.

Two weeks are ample for the trip and the cost is small.

Send for FREE BOOKLET, Address VACATION BUREAU, Room 1235, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven &amp; Hartford Railroad

REPORT	
OF the condition of the NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business August 9, 1913.	
RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$317,49 80
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	827 35
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Real estate, etc.	178,44 25
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	25,000 00
Other real estate owned	8,536 84
Due from National Banks (not reserve assets)	1,394 83
Due from approved reserve agents	6,725 01
Checks and other cash items	16,121 43
Exchanges for clearing house	10,550 01
Notes of other National Banks	10,550 01
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	705 01
CASH ON HAND	21,801 79
Specie	4,457 01
Legal-tender notes	30,738 71
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,333 33
Total	\$941,677 81
LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	63,500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	32,251 27
National Bank notes outstanding	97,000 01
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,902 51
Dividends unpaid	10 00
Individual deposits subject to check	57,538 88
Demand certificates of deposit	31,298 88
Certified checks	10 83
Total	\$941,677 81
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, George H. Froud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1913.	
PACKEE BAMAN, Notary Public.	
Correct—Attest: Edward A. Brown, Esq. Ward H. Foxham, David Sherman, Directors.	

REPORT	
OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business August 9, 1913.	
RESOURCES.	DOLLARS.
Loans and discounts	\$230,825 27
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	70 05
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Real estate, etc.	63,275 00
Banking-house, furniture and fixtures	25,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents	1,323 61
Exchanges for clearing house	8,240 81
Notes of other National Banks	10,550 01
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	227 12
CASH ON HAND	21,801 79
Specie	4,457 01
Legal-tender notes	30,738 71
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	5,333 33
Total	\$941,677 81
LIABILITIES.	DOLLARS.
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000 00
Surplus fund	63,500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	32,251 27
National Bank notes outstanding	97,000 01
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	1,902 51
Dividends unpaid	10 00
Individual deposits subject to check	57,538 88
Demand certificates of deposit	31,298 88
Certified checks	10 83
Customers' checks outstanding	20 00
Total	\$941,677 81
State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1913.	
PACKEE BAMAN, Notary Public.	
Correct—Attest: Simon Harrison K. Sherman, William Stevens, Directors.	

## SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY.

214 Thames Street

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST SEEDS

Come to Our Place

Fernando Barker.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for their selves or friends regarding Tenements Houses, unimproved and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

24 Blandford Avenue, Newport, R.I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1911. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public. Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Cottages.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Stomach Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc. If these will take a few of our Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the salutary absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and will continue in their improper course of eating and drinking without fear. Only one Little Liver Pill.

There are many forms of cancer which are fatal that yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.



## RECESS OPPOSED BY PRESIDENT

Would Clear Way For Anti-Trust Legislation

### INSISTS ON CURRENCY ACTION

Wilson Does Not Want Legislative Agreements Between Democrats and Republicans in Congress—Thinks Early Action on Tariff Necessary Regardless of Vacations

President Wilson informed Democratic senators that he is opposed to any recess of the senate between the time the tariff bill is passed and currency is taken up. He made it plain to them that he believed it the duty of the Democratic party to dispose of the tariff and currency during the present session of congress so that the December session may promptly take up anti-trust and other important legislation carrying out platform pledges. The president communicated his views through Secretary Tamm, who got in touch with most of the Democratic senators and came to the conclusion that a substantial majority was in favor of immediate legislation and no recess. Incidentally the president took a strong position on the question of legislative agreements between Democrats and Republicans in congress. He believes that the Democrats, as the dominant party, should proceed with determination and not trade with the minority. The fact that Republican senators had informally agreed to speed up consideration of the tariff bill if a recess were assured after its passage, prompted the president to urge that business throughout the country demanded early action on the tariff regardless of whether any vacation or recess was promised in return.

An attempt by Senator Simmons, leader of the Democratic tariff forces, to arrange for a vote on the tariff bill in the senate Aug. 25, was blocked by Senator Gallinger, Republican leader.

Democrats refused to say whether they would insist upon taking up the currency bill after tariff was completed and Republicans refused to say whether they would filibuster against the tariff until assured that the currency bill would not be pressed. Senators Simmons and James tried to get Senator Gallinger to tell the Republican plans, but he refused.

The debate led to an acrid discussion of the "secret caucus" by the Republicans and pointed references by the Democrats to former Senator Aldrich's leadership in the tariff fight of 1909.

Democratic senators were caucusing on the recess proposal at the time President Wilson's views were being made known. The caucus adjourned without getting to the question, because of an early meeting of the senate and because of time consumed in discussion of an unexpected resolution by Minority Leader Kern to open the caucus to the public.

Kern's motion was voted down, but he declared it would come up again with the question of recess and the whole question of legislative program. Senator James of Kentucky, who came directly from the White House to the caucus, outlined President Wilson's plan against recess or delay of currency legislation.

"The president is opposed to any delay on currency," said Senator James. "I think the Democrats will give him unanimous support. A few men who do not even represent the minority party are filibustering against the tariff and holding up progress. I am in favor not only of a continuous session but of a closure rule that will shut out some of this filibustering and hold the senate down to business."

### BYSTANDERS SHOT

Fighters Escape Injury but Are Arrested

Abbell Second, 28 years old, and Antonio Rezzoli, 28 years old, are in the Framingham, Mass., hospital suffering from severe pistol wounds. They were shot as they stood in company with others and witnessed a desperate hand-to-hand pistol duel between two fellow countrymen for the possession of the revolver.

Second was shot in the right side and Rezzoli was shot in the abdomen. Alfonso Bronzetti and Frank Soppenza were arrested. The former was held in \$1000 for the grand jury and the latter was released on \$300 surety.

### ATTACK DOCKYARDS

Swage Scenes in Genoa When Strikers and Workers Clash

Swage scenes were enacted at Genoa, in the course of an attack on the headquarters of the non-strikers, who comprise the majority of labor in this city. The strikers also attacked taxicab chauffeurs and street car employees who had continued at work.

An attempt was made to raid the government dockyards where several Italian war vessels are under construction.

A \$5000 fire destroyed P. J. Riley's Cuban warehouse on Tanner street, Lowell, Mass. The fire started from picker machines and ate through the cotton.

William James Casey, retired, a veteran of the Civil war, died at Warm Springs, Va. His last active duty was as commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, which he relinquished to retire in 1903.

## ALLEGED CRAFT BY MONTREAL POLICE

Investigation Being Made by Board of Control

As a result of an independent inquiry carried on under the auspices of an organization high in the councils of the board of control at Montreal, a police scandal is about to break. Affidavits have been obtained averring that certain members of the police force have been levying a toll on vice under promise of protection. The inquiry, which is progressing in secret, has already involved twelve members of the force. Affidavits have been prepared. It was said, alleging that these twelve members of the force made disorderly houses pay a price of protection. The men are charged also with forcing the proprietors of these places to give them free drinks. The men accused are said to include three detectives and several minor police officials. The affidavits are signed by private detectives employed by a committee of citizens.

### DIPLOMATS ALARMED

Disagreement of Powers Over Balkan Peace Treaty Feared

Grave alarm is felt in diplomatic circles over the Balkan situation. It is feared that the existence of both the triple alliance and the triple entente is threatened.

Russia and Austria-Hungary, siding with Bulgaria, want that nation to be not too greatly despoiled and humbled, while Germany and France want the treaty of Bucharest to stand as it is. The Kaiser has honored King Charles of Roumania and King Constantine of Greece, and both Germany and France have expressed satisfaction with the treaty, while Russia and Austria-Hungary want it revised, and may put such a proposal up to the powers. Russia is dissatisfied with the attitude of France, her ally in the triple entente, and Germany is no less opposed to the attitude of Austria-Hungary, her ally in the triple alliance.

The powers also are not agreed as to the manner in which Turkey should be disciplined. The Porte has positively refused to give up Adrianople, and the powers are jealous of any one power undertaking to coerce the Ottomans.

### MORE OPIUM FOUND

Third Successful Raid in Providence in Few Months

More than \$1000 worth of opium, manufactured and in the process of being shipped, was found in Providence, R. I., in one of the most successful raids ever conducted in this state.

The place raided is located at 278 Fountain street, a stone's throw from the central police station and had evidently been in operation for a long time. William Lee, a Chinaman, was found in the house and was arrested as proprietor. He was at once arraigned before United States Commissioner Gross and held in \$2500 for a hearing next Tuesday.

The raid was conducted by inspectors William J. Sleeper and Owen J. McKeena, and Surveyor of Port Edward G. Graves. The inspectors found a complete equipment for the manufacture of opium on an extensive scale and asserted that the plant was capable of turning out \$5000 worth of the drug a day. The raid was the third conducted by the federal authorities here within the past few months.

### FRAM TO BE FIRST

Will Lead the Way Through the Panama Canal

The whaler Fram, commanded by Captain Dyrud, is going to Colon with the intention of taking on board there Robert E. Peary and Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverers respectively of the North and South Poles, who will be the first to pass through the Panama canal on board ship.

Like the explorers, the Fram has made a name in polar exploration. It was the ship used by Nansen when he made his "farthest north" record of about ten years ago, and it will again enter the Arctic seas under Amundsen, who is to make a six years' investigation of the North Polar regions.

### GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Condensed Paragraphs of Happenings Around the World

When Henry Dietrich, of Hastings, N. Y., a raiser of blooded stock, went to his barn he found eighteen registered cows dead in a row. Lightning had run the entire length of a string of stalls, killing everything within. The barn was not damaged.

Lawrence Dwight of Weston, son of Theodore S. Dwight, United States consular agent at Yver, Switzerland, was named by Senator Lodge as a principal for the West Point examinations.

### "STRUCK IT RICH"

Special Representative Lind Has Large Iron Ore Land Holdings

John Lind, special representative in Mexico of President Wilson, has "struck it rich" on the Minnesota Iron range. Forty acres of rich ore land owned by Mr. Lind was leased to an iron company.

Royalties of 25 cents a ton, with a minimum of 30,000 tons, are provided. Twenty acres that have been drilled are said to show 4,000,000 tons of ore. A lease on the same land was cancelled by the United States Steel corporation a year ago.

## FIGHT AGAINST IMPEACHMENT

Sulzer Will Carry Case to the Supreme Court

### WILL FIGHT TO LAST DITCH

After All-Night Session Assembly Votes, Seventy-Nine to Forty-Five, to Oust Governor on Charge of "High Crimes and Misdemeanors"—First Time in History of New York

Formal notice of the impeachment of Governor Sulzer of New York, by the New York assembly was served on the senate when the upper body convened yesterday afternoon, and the second stage of Tammany's battle royal to remove the governor was on.



Photo by American Press Association. GOVERNOR SULZER

Lieutenant Governor Martin H. Glynn gave out the following statement regarding the impeachment of Governor Sulzer:

"I do not intend to enter into any physical contest with Mr. Sulzer over the office of governor. As far as I am concerned there will be no circus or military manoeuvres about occupying the executive chamber. The law is supreme."

With three votes more than the required majority, Governor Sulzer was impeached by the assembly for alleged high crimes and misdemeanors in connection with the campaign fund.

After an all-night session, spent by the majority in filibustering until Tammany absentees could arrive, the vote was taken, resulting seventy-nine for impeachment to forty-five against.

The first impeachment of a governor of New York state came close on the heels of the most sensational feature in the Sulzer-Murphy war, when Mrs. Sulzer told certain senators she was responsible for the Sulzer stock market deals and that the governor knew nothing about it. She sought to shoulder all blame.

Governor Sulzer took the news of his impeachment with equanimity and calmness and went to bed immediately after he heard the Levy resolution had passed.

His only statement was that he will fight the impeachment by applying to the supreme court for an order restraining the further proceedings. He said he would carry the case to the United States court of appeals if necessary.

The governor and his wife had remained up all night at the "peoples house," receiving news of the progress of the fight over the telephone.

That Sulzer will decline to step out is regarded as certain, and it is equally certain that the Tammany majority will declare Glynn acting governor immediately.

It is believed Sulzer will decline to surrender the executive office and seal, and some of the more radical of the Sulzer partisans declared the governor would call out the militia to aid him.

### BIBLES FOR NEW ENGLAND

Gideon's Raise \$25,000 at Convention At Old Orchard, Me.

Over \$25,000 has been raised in three days by the Gideons at their first convention at Old Orchard, Me., according to C. L. Drake of Boston, chairman of the Bible committee. Before the members of the association leave for their homes, Drake declared, he expects that \$50,000 will be subscribed to pay for the 75,000 Bibles for New England hotels.

So enthusiastic did the convention become that contributions toward the cost of Bibles for New England poured in faster than the committee could handle them. One man gave \$1000 another \$500.

Rubber Company Will Resume The Consumers' Rubber company plant at Bristol, R. I., which has been closed for five years, throwing 500 out of work, is to resume next Wednesday.

Sylvia Is Out Again

Miss Sylvia Pankhurst was again released from Holloway jail as a sequel to a "hunger and thirst" strike. She was in a condition to collapse. When she was sent back to jail on Sunday last she was still suffering from the effects of a previous "hunger strike."

### INCLINED TOWARD PEACE

President Huerta Will Adopt Conciliatory Attitude

Following the conference between Special American Envoy John Lind and Mexican Foreign Minister Manuel Gamba, the belief prevailed at Mexico City, that President Huerta would adopt a conciliatory attitude against the United States, realizing the hopelessness of trying to combat the vast power of Mexico's big neighbor. Callers at the national palace declared that in substance President Huerta had said:

"While Mexico resents interference even from a friendly power in her domestic affairs, nevertheless we do not feel that we are in any way being coerced by the United States. We will make further protest against efforts of Lind to settle affairs in this republic if he attempts to do so, but such action on our part will not be of a bellicose nature."

### SOUGHT FOR MURDER

Girl and Two Young Men Suspected of Killing Martin

A girl and two young men, the last persons to rent the room in which the dead body of William G. Martin, a wealthy milliner of Toronto, Canada, was found, are being sought by the New York police.

Two pairs of corsets and two hats from which all identification marks had been cut were in the room in which Martin was found murdered, with his hands tied behind him and rubber gas tubing and a towel stuffed into his mouth, giving the appearance of suicide.

Investigation disclosed the fact that two young men, one of whom represented that the girl was his wife and the other that the young man was his brother, rented the room on Aug. 7, and the landlord was going to order them to leave when he found Martin's body, partly dressed on the bed.

### WAGE WAR ENDS

Official Statement Says It Is "Amicably Adjusted"

Following a series of conferences between the engineers and firemen of the Central Vermont railway and officials of the company, the officials gave out the following statement:

"The wage question between the Central Vermont Railway company and its engineers and firemen has been amicably adjusted."

Beyond this the officials declined to discuss the matter.

### KANSAS WORKMEN QUIT

Not For Higher Pay But For Lower Temperature

For the tenth consecutive day temperatures all over Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma were close to the 100 mark. Light splashes of rain fell at one or two points, but these were of small value to withering vegetation and suffering mankind. In Kansas the record of a quarter of a century have been broken.

Several score of workmen on large buildings in Topeka put down their tools and announced they would do no more work until there came a change in the weather.

### FOR INLAND WATERWAY

\$20,000,000 to Build Canal From Boston to Beaufort, N. C.

Expenditure in the immediate future of \$20,000,000 by congress to complete the inland waterway between Boston, Mass., and Beaufort, N. C., was recommended to the house by the general board of army engineers. Construction of a twelve-foot canal, ninety feet wide, is contemplated, with later improvement to a sea-level canal twenty-five feet deep.

That the government purchase the Chesapeake and Delaware canal for \$2,500,000 and that the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania contribute \$3,000,000 and \$7,000,000, respectively toward the project between the Delaware river and New York bay are other recommendations.

## ECZEMA ALMOST COVERED BODY

Commenced with Little Pimples, Itched and Burned So Scratched and Made Sores. Cross and Fretful. Could Not Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

7 Hartwell St., Southbridge, Mass. — "Our son commenced with little pimples all over his body. They said it was eczema. The pimples looked like small insect bites and almost covered his body. They came to a head from which water would run. They itched and burned so badly that my son scratched them and made sores. His clothing irritated the eczema and he was cross and fretful. He could not sleep nights and would cry and say they burned and itched all the time."

"I tried — but it did not relieve him, and some — but it seemed to make him worse. I then used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and the first night I used them he seemed to be so relieved he slept a little. I first washed the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and then applied Cuticura Ointment twice daily. At the end of the first week he was much better and at the end of the second week he was completely cured. Every mark was gone." (Signed) Mrs. W. B. Potter, Nov. 12, 1912.

For treating poor complexion, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. A single excise is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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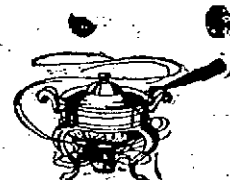
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## CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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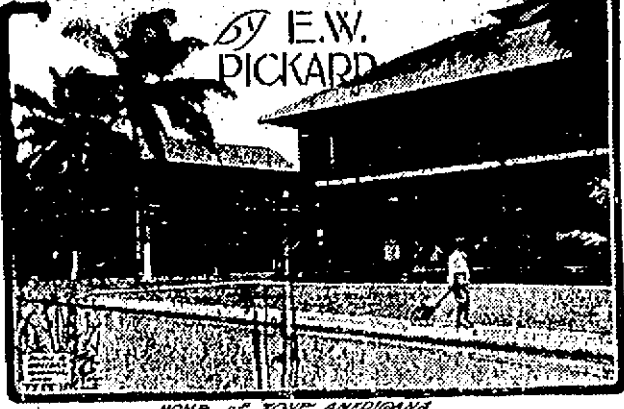
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# AMERICANS ON THE ISTHMUS



Colon, C. Z.—For the American resident of the Canal Zone life is not all beer and skittles. There is plenty of beer, but I have not seen a skittle here. Perhaps I would not have recognized one if I had seen it.

The American in a foreign land is not so tenacious of his home customs as the Englishman, and in Panama he finds himself not only in a tropic clime but in the midst of a civilization much older than his own. Consequently he yields in many particulars to the customs of that clime and that civilization. The mid-day siesta of two hours, when he derobes and does in a cool room, the dip in the ocean before dinner and the evening stroll in the plaza all appeal to him as to the native and have become a part of his life there.

At the same time the influx of north-ers has had its effect on the Panamanians, especially, perhaps, in the matter of sports. Bullfights no longer are to be seen here and cock fighting has suffered a marked decline. In place of them the native now enjoys frequent wrestling matches and prize fights, indulges in tennis to some extent and has taken kindly to the national American sport of baseball.

It is the American woman on whom the changed conditions of life bear hardest, for housekeeping on the isthmus is attended by many annoyances. A good many people have the idea that a woman in the tropics lies in a hammock all day and at meal time picks her food from the branches of trees that shade her resting place. As a matter of fact she must do her household shopping as at home, and the domestic problem is with her here as there, only more so if possible. For clothing and standard groceries she usually goes to the store of the commissary department, where she can buy well and cheaply. But for fruit and many of the vegetables there is the daily trip to the market. In that spacious building—I am speaking now of Colon and Panama—are scores of booths and tables, attended by Jamaicans, Chinese and native Panamanians, and piled high with taro, breadfruit, gourds, guavas, papayas, bananas, plantains, alligator pears, mangoes, oranges, coconuts and a dozen other tropical products. The layout is tempting, but the purchasing is a task. Such a thing as a fixed price is unknown and one must bargain diligently or get the worst of it. And the insolence of the negro women is often commensurate with their ignorance. The native market is quite "impossible" for white people from the United States, for the meat, roughly hacked, is sold immediately after slaughtering, and the screening enforced by the American sanitary department is rendered ineffective by open doors.

The domestic servants employed by Americans in the zone are almost all Jamaican negroes. They are neat and clean, but their stupidity usually is monumental. Every detail of the household operations must be driven into their heads, and their minds seem to be on the island home they have left, for their memory is almost nil and their eyes see little else at hand. Then, too, after a year or so of service and saving they begin to think of returning to Jamaica and grow "weary."

"Why, Blanche," said one shocked housewife, "here it is eleven o'clock and the breakfast dishes and kitchen things not washed, and the ants all over them!"

"Oh, marm, I couldn't do them, I'm so exhausted this morning," was Blanche's reply.

That's a mild sample of what must be contended with.

Speaking of ants, there is another of the annoyances of housekeeping in the tropics. The ants are everywhere, in unbelievable numbers and most extraordinary activity. Screens do not keep them out nor insect exterminators discourage them. They must simply be endured. If they take a fancy to a nicely growing garden of young vegetables, they cut and carry off all the leaves in a night. It is the so-called leaf ant that does that. All over the isthmus he is to be seen, moving in processions along well beaten paths, each individual carrying a leaf or other bit of foliage. One day I saw a long line of them moving through the sparse turf, all carrying their red blossoms cut from a small weed. It was a very picturesque miniature parade. No place and no age has been free from the cockroach, and in Panama he grows to an enormous size and spends some of his time and energy eating the covers of bound books.

Rust and mould add to the woes of the American housekeeper, and many articles she must keep in "dry closets" in which electric lamps are kept burning.

There are not in Panama a great many of the old pure-blooded Spanish

Always.

When a man begins by saying: "I want to tell you a good joke on myself," you may be sure that he is going to try to make somebody appear ridiculous.

A man with Mollie features may have a Pittsburgh complexion.

If She Really Meant It.

"I want a pal of what that will be plenty large and fat," she said as the clerk looked into her old one to find the number.

"Is that case," he replied, "pert as you had better step over into the men's department."

## KEEPING THE TABLE SUPPLIED

How New England Gets Strawberries In February and Melons in May. What the Railroads Have Done to Accomplish This.

STRAWBERRIES in March, melons in May! Today this is the boast of no modern Lucullus, but the privilege of the many. You may even eat fresh strawberries away up in northern New England in February. Today the New Englander can get his cantaloupes and eat fresh vegetables with snow still on the ground. New potatoes when his own are being planted are to him no longer a dream. Fresh peaches on his table when his own trees are just through blossoming excite about as much curiosity in him as the bride's bouquet of roses in January. No longer does that strawberry patch cut in his own garden mean his first taste of the luscious fruit in June or July. It used to be so many years ago, but nowadays he has probably eaten quarts of berries long before his own have ripened.

All this has been brought about not by some agricultural wizard's work in our gardens, not by our meteorologists' work in studying the weather, but by the railroads. It is the result solely of the perfecting of our modern methods of transportation, the bringing up of our main steel highways of commerce to a standard not surpassed anywhere else in the world, enabling the traffic men and operating experts so to work out fast freight schedules that today the New England table is but forty hours from southern farms.

There is no faster freight service in the world than that which carries strawberries to the New England table from the southland in two days. There is no such terminal yard anywhere as the great yard or yards at South Boston of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, where this fruit and early vegetables are received, bought and sold and distributed. As many as 300 carloads of strawberries are sometimes received there in a single day, and so quickly are they handled that one hour after they have entered the yard they are either being unloaded or are being sent out again to Portland or places even farther north, where they can be eaten the next morning.

The celerity with which this most perishable of perishable freight is handled from the time it is put in the freight car in Florida, Georgia or Virginia until it has reached the market men scattered all over New England is probably not exceeded anywhere in this country. It represents years of study, of painstaking work over railroad schedules, of the most effective



GATHERING EARLY BERRIES FOR NORTHERN SHIPMENTS.

co-operation between the railroads and of the most scientific management so far as it relates to this phase of the railroad problem. It has created a new business in New England, a business that practically did not exist twenty years ago. It has made new markets and a new industry for many; has wiped out the enormous advantage which Philadelphia and New York once seemed to have over Boston and New England in this matter of table delicacies and the handling of the early southern produce.

In the business world time is counted by the business day. In the produce business it is counted by the market day, and the market day begins and ends practically between 6 and 7 a. m. Thanks to a development of a fast freight service for this kind of prod-

### HABIT.

What is a habit? 'Tis a fettering chain  
That binds the struggling spirit  
To the earth;  
A hampering weight that clogs  
aspiring worth  
And makes its brightest visions  
all in vain;  
A blighting pall whose midnight  
depths detain  
And quench each glowing fervor  
at its birth;  
A serpent coil within whose mon-  
strous girth  
Is crushed each noblest impulse  
of the train.

What is a habit? 'Tis a silver  
thread  
That links the soul to possibility;  
A magic stone that turns the  
basil lead  
Of evil bent to golden tendency;  
A precious stepping stone from  
low to high;  
A Jacob's ladder stretching to  
the sky.  
—J. Forsyth Smith, in Nautica.

uce, Boston's market day is now the same as New York's, and Portland, Me., is but one market day later than Philadelphia. Today a carload of strawberries can make the journey between Norfolk and Boston in just thirty-six hours and a half.

Perishable freight is the bane of the railroad man's existence. He sometimes loses more sleep over it than he does over passengers. It involves problems not met with in most kinds of freight. It must be delivered in the quickest time possible, and in this connection the railroad, like the shipper and the commission men, must always reckon on the market day. The loss of one market day on perishable freight like strawberries often means the loss of the entire shipment. The failure of a railroad's freight schedule to insure delivery of this kind of freight for a certain market day may mean the loss to that railroad of this entire business; to the commission men and marketmen it means so much less business to get returns from. On the other hand, the ability of the time table experts and the traffic men to knock off half an hour even on the running time of a freight train may mean to the road thousands of dollars of new business and for the commission men may open up a brand new line of trade. For years men have worked over these freight train schedules trying to top off precious minutes of time in the yards, in the stops en route and in the delivery. Always their aim has been in the case of New England to get table luxuries, such as early strawberries, melons and peaches, into Boston by the second market day.

There is no more perishable produce than strawberries, and next to them comes fish. The New England railroads must bring the first into New England and carry the second out. In the case of berries it is absolutely essential that they be consumed within seventy-two hours from the time they are picked for them to command a price that will make the business worth while. When one considers that these early berries are picked in Virginia and points farther south the problem confronting the New England railroads in getting them on the New Englander's table within this limit of seventy-two hours is thus seen to be a big one. If a carload of strawberries consigned to a New England produce merchant misses a market day at the South Boston yard it means usually a depreciation of at least 5 cents on every box; on melons it means probably a cent apiece. That may not seem much, but in the aggregate it is enough frequently to wipe out the profit on an entire shipment.

In order to make a market day with this kind of freight, the railroad must get it into Boston, say, between the hours of 2 a. m. and 6 a. m. The market day begins promptly at 6 a. m. That is the hour when the big bell rings out in the perishable freight yard and there begins a scene of activity among the marketmen. When this bell rings the cars must be ready to open so that their contents can be inspected and sampled and the fruit or vegetables sold right as they stand in the car. Ten minutes after this bell rings the contents of the train may be on the way to the market.

This hour of 6 a. m., then, is the goal upon which the eye of the operating man and the traffic man in the railroad organization is fixed. It is the hour they must make, not one day, but every day, or lose the business. Down in Virginia, through Maryland and Delaware, a freight train loaded with the luscious early berries of southern plantations, the first to feel the vitalizing effect of the spring sunshine, may be rushing through the night toward this goal with the speed of a passenger train. The engineer has this goal in mind, the yardmen along the route have it in mind, and up in the railroad offices the operating men have it in mind too. Like the man with the ball in the football game, these men are all working to put the train with its produce over the goal line before the big bell in the Boston yard rings out as a signal for the market men that another market day has begun.

New England has not always enjoyed the privilege of having strawberries in February or even melons in May. It was not many years ago that the average householder had to rely chiefly on his local fruits and vegetables. He waited until July for his strawberries. His melons and peaches he got later. Vegetables out of season were rare. This was when New England, by the then means of transportation, was many market days away from the south. There were the days of intensive railroads, as Mr. Brandeis would probably call them, short railroads connecting with one another, but operated separately and involving many transfer points. When freight has to go over several railroads operated on the intensive principle it is bound to suffer delays. Between Boston and New York there were the New Haven, the old Stonington road and the Bos-

ton and Providence, over which such freight had to travel.

Even in the early days of consolidation there was still much time consumed because the old freight transfer points were retained. Boston and northern New England were not entirely without early produce, but owing to the slow schedules and delays the business was a hazardous one for commission men. In these days the bulk of the southern fruit and vegetables was put on a boat at Norfolk and rushed by sea to Boston. Some of it went by rail to New York and thence by the old Stonington line to Boston. The sea was able to afford the better service for the most part. The boats from Norfolk made the third market day and sometimes not that. The Stonington line made possible a noon delivery on the second day, but while this enabled some large consumers, such as hotels, in Boston to serve fresh fruit at the dinner hour the gen-



FEBRUARY STRAWBERRIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

eral consumer had to wait until the third day, while the depreciation went on.

In 1890 the first fast freight service was inaugurated, but it was not all that it ought to be until about four years ago.

At that time the New Haven road's officials got together with those of the Pennsylvania and decided to work out a schedule which would land the stuff from the southern farms in Boston in ample time for the second market day, counting from the time of its shipment. It was to be a schedule which would stand up under heavy service and be such as to warrant the commission men to increase their orders. The Pennsylvania put on several new trains, and a quick transfer was arranged for around New York.

In all about five trains are now required in the busy season to bring this produce from the south. The cars are picked up all over Virginia and even south of there and most of them are collected at Norfolk. There the Pennsylvania makes up a train, known as 10, in one or more sections, and starts it north at noon. This train reaches the Jersey City yards of the Pennsylvania at 10 a. m. the next day. There it is broken up and the cars rushed to the New Haven transfer yards, which are taken around the East river and through Hell Gate by the most powerful tugs in New York harbor. In the great Harlem river yards it is "classified" again. It starts on its way to Boston at 3 p. m., making stops at New Haven, Providence, Mansfield and Readville to drop off cars. The old arriving time of this train was 2:30 a. m. in Boston, but thirty minutes have been cut off this in the last year. Frequently it comes into the South Boston yard at 1:30 a. m. Thirty-five cars is about the limit of a freight train. When 250 carloads of berries alone are coming up from the south in one day obviously this train can't take them all, though it runs in several sections. For the later sections of the Pennsylvania road's train bringing up the berries the New Haven has still a faster train ready. This train leaves the Harlem river yards at 7:25 p. m. and gets to Boston at 4 a. m. It also makes stops on the way where cars have to be dropped for midway points. All this takes time, so that the speed between these stops must of necessity be that of a fast passenger train.

These are the two great berry express trains of New England. With the Pennsylvania's trains they form the route over which daily passes the out of season fruit to which we are now so accustomed.

Though this stream of farm produce runs practically all of the year, it is subject to many changes. When Feb-

ruary's snows cover New England the stream begins to trickle and then runs red with the first strawberries ripened by the warmer sunshine of the south. Larger and larger it grows, and now the stream takes on a touch of green along with the red. Green peas and spinach and the early greens are flowing northward, first a few cars, then more, then fifty, a hundred, and finally sometimes as high as 300 cars a day of strawberries alone when the crest is reached in early June. The berries give way to melons and more vegetables, then to peaches, potatoes and onions, and so it goes until all New England's own crops are ready for the reaping.

The amount of perishable freight borne northward to New England and distributed from Boston has grown enormously since the railroad men perfected this schedule. In 1902 there were handled in yard No. 1 in the South Boston terminal, 4,053 cars of perishable freight. In 1904 it had grown to 5,648, in 1905 to 7,808, and last year it totaled 8,881. Here are some of the figures:

Berries	1902	1912
Cantaloupes	638	1,172
Watermelons	252	578
Peaches	412	578
Spinach	451	871
Potatoes	167	28
Onions	101	101
Pumpkins	611	1,531
Phenolics	28	36

It is this stream, rising and falling with the weather conditions, which feeds the summer resorts and has enabled New England's famous hotels to cater to the finest trade and made them independent of local truck farms. It has also greatly increased the number of Boston's commission houses.

The speed with which this stream flows northward is equaled by the celerity with which it is handled in the South Boston yard, the great switching reservoir into which it flows its tons of produce. There are eleven yards and thirteen freight houses making up the Boston terminal, and in and out of it run 1,800 cars a day, of which this perishable freight forms only a part.

As soon as one of the fast express freight trains reaches the yard in the early hours of the morning the cars are marked showing what yard they are intended for, this depending upon the firms to which they are consigned. Then the switch engines get busy. It takes an average of twenty minutes to mark the cars. They have so reduced the time of switching or classification, as it is called, that in thirty minutes every car in a forty car train will have been put in its proper yard and place. On an average it is just one hour from the time the big Pacific locomotive hauls its train of fruit in the terminal that the cars are ready to have their seals broken. That is when it is ready to be sold by the marketmen, though the sales do not begin till the bell rings at 6 a. m.

There are few other cities where this kind of freight is landed so close to the market. Ten minutes is all that is required in Boston to transfer it to the market from the car. In the terminal, where 4,135 freight cars can be kept at one time, there is sufficient space provided so that teams can back up to 2,100 of these cars.

About 95 per cent of the produce brought into this yard every day remains there or is shipped out by express. The cars destined for Portland and for northern New England begin moving out by noon again, but from Boston a radius of at least twenty-five miles is covered direct. Portland will get its berries in time for breakfast the next morning.

About 75 per cent of New England is affected by this fast freight service perfected by the railroad men. The sea has had to yield this traffic to the line of steel which lies the north to the south. Today the New Englander even though he lives in Maine, is as certain of fresh strawberries for his table in the spring as he is of his own garden truck in the summer.

When the great Hell Gate bridge and Connecting Railroad joining the New Haven system with the Pennsylvania is completed in New York city this schedule may be shortened even more. This great engineering feat, undertaken by the two roads, will obviate the long water transfer around Manhattan Island. It is only three miles across New York bay from Greenville where the Pennsylvania's trains roll in from the south, to Bay Ridge, where the cars will again take the rails bound for Boston, and the dangerous and delaying slides of Hell Gate will thus be avoided. While it will not mean the saving of another market day, it will mean that more trains can be handled and may result some day in making Portland's market day the same as Boston's.

The railroad is the great barometer. It gathers the grain in one corner of our country and distributes it in 48 other than man may be fed with the staff of life; but, more than that, it sees that his table is supplied with the good things of the ground though he live amid the snows.

### After This He Went.

It was getting very late, and the dear girl had smothered yawn after yawn. Still Mr. Stately showed no signs of going home. Father wound up the clock. Mother let the cat out, and still he stayed and stayed.

"Won't you sing something, Miss Minnie?" he suddenly asked.

"Why, Mr. Stately," she replied, "with another yawn, 'Don't you know it is considered unlucky to sing before breakfast?'"

### Matter of Judgment.

"So you suspect that men are quicker of judgment in practical matters than women?" asked her friend of the middle-aged spinster. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Men have heeded the warnings of the newspapers and quit buying gold bricks, but women continue to marry for money."

The Lord helps him who helps himself, but don't let that prevent you from helping others.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

### Strange Case.

Prof. C. J. Dillon of Manhattan tells of a farmer who met a doctor on the street. "Doc," said he, "if you're out our way this week you might well come in and see my wife."

"What ails her?" inquired the doctor.

"Dunno. After gettin' breakfast an' fixin' the children for school an' churning an' sloppin' the dogs an' doin' a little washin'—they's only seven in the family, I know the plumb declared she'd have to lay down before gettin' dinner! Says she's tired out, Kicks about gettin' a Sunday dinner!"

"Yes," said the wise doctor, "I'll come out and see her. It's a strange case."—Kaukas City Star.

### A One-man Job.

"Here's a nickel," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at her door. "Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring car, I shan't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam yacht, there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her; so I guess, mum, I'll get a rebounder and handle it myself."

Where there is enervation there will be vanity; where there is vanity there will be folly.—Johnson.



**From Out of the Past.**

Mrs. Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea party.

She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown parasol in her hand.

The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other like the tints upon a dove. All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded.

She was a very pretty old lady, indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the boughs of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them must have owned that it could not be so to her case.

Down the lane coming toward her walked a gentleman. He was tall and broad, his hair was gray, his hat was gray, and his summer suit was gray; his beard was gray also. He oddly enough, was softly shaded off like another tree of dove.

The green trees were all about them both, the green grass beneath their feet. The roses nodded over the fences.

If there had been two young people instead of two elderly ones, one might have fancied it a lovers' rendezvous; but, of course, there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great overhead trees, stood an old house. Honey-suckle draped the porch, and there was an old-fashioned well in the garden.

It was altogether a thing of the past—a modern cottage of architectural mystery. It was so old-fashioned that it must have been the same when these two people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

The pretty little lady in brown reached the gate of this house first. She lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking it must be that the handsome gentleman in gray had lost his way and would inquire of her concerning it; for the lane was no thoroughfare because of a fence and a sign with "All Persons are Forbidden to Tread Upon These Grounds" nailed upon it.

The lady's father had put up the sign the day after a peddler had stolen all his pears. No neighbor minded it, but strangers did, so she waited courteously to tell the newcomer that he might take the shortcut through the orchard if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know," she said to herself.

"Then who?" she asked herself.

"Then who?" suddenly blushed, and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because she opened the gate to pluck her that she remained a faded rose upon the parson's bush—Miss Carney still, not Mrs. Anybody.

On came the gentleman in his gray coat, and as he looked at the little lady he lifted his hat.

"Madam," he said, "this is where Mr. Edwin Carney used to live, now? Does he live here now?"

The lady looked at him with a sudden start.

"Oh!" she cried quickly, then added: "No, he does not."

"He is—" began the gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was so when he died."

"Pardon me, fast," remarked the gentleman.

"Fearfully fast," sighed she.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the border at his feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the gentleman gray.

"She is living, is she not?"

"Yes."

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still?" he said questioningly.

"But she is," said the little lady, and looked him in the face again. "The eyes told. Here were brown and I was gray."

"People alter out of knowledge in years," said she; "and how on earth come to recognize you I don't know for you look exactly your own grandfather, Martin Turner."

"Ask me to walk to them, Miss Carney," said he, "for I ought to be as weary than used to become on my same road a lifetime ago, coming from the mill, your reminder, Prixy, every Sunday-evening?"

"Did you?" she said, pretending to forget.

"Oh, yes, of course, I'll take you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned, and so followed her.

They sat down in the front room on either side of the polished table. Over it, between the windows, but looking glass with its narrow, narrow frame. A wookase filled the room. On the mantel were artificial flowers under glass.

There was the same still sofa with its black cushion like a slice of blue velvet; there were the six chairs, mahogany and the claw-footed sideboard. There had been no children to break the solemn things. All was the same when he left it and saw Mr. Carney standing to the middle of floor, with her long black hair in a coil about her shoulders, and a blue ribbon round her slim glisten waist.

Now he looked more closely at her and though she was older and stronger somehow she seemed to be nobody but Prixy Carney.

She sat him looking from the picture to her face, and interpreted thoughtfully.

"Yes," she said, almost angrily, it not strange? There are the birdwood and glass and china, just as used to be. There are the oak, the only floor and groover. The very grass and flowers might be the same; but a n, i, old, faded and lonely, any new thing's origin—yes! faster in the grave, and all I care for gone with I were gone, also. I think I was never not seen each other for years need at least to see each other after being all the same as dead so long. It is precisely like seeing you." She looked at thought wanted to cry.

"Poor old ghosts," he said to himself as no one wants to see—not have and promised to remember the future.

"Forty years is much worse than," said she, "and 53 is a terrible time."

"Yes it is," said he, "but it is a good enough for all that. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one."

She said:

The gray his servants brought in, the great wagon, but he, the farmer, used to drive to the mill with his little daughter in the gig beside him.  
 "She made a pretty picture in her white dress and bright ribbons, and she came when she was so young that she seemed to hold her own out to this town and city."  
 "Oh, yes, little boy. Show me where the flour came from!"  
 "But that was what she liked to see best—just the flour being sifted. Every week she used to come out to the miller, say, his home away to school. When he came home again to she was a girl of 13, prettier than ever, and she remembered asking to look her new two flour being sifted, and she talked to him while her father was attending to her business."  
 "After a while he got over the idea that kept him from going to see her, and went up to the house, and the girl was not displeased. She was the mistress, for her mother had died young. She used to make tea for him on Sunday afternoon, and after tea her father would put his handkerchief over his head and fall into a nap. Then they used to whisper together. Long after the poor boy came to be a ghost he used to remember those evenings, when he was a bright-cheeked young fellow, the son of a rich miller, and had the hope of marrying the girl he loved always before his eyes."  
 "He thought the girl loved him as well as he loved her, and he had no fears of the future; no thought that trouble could come to him in any way, and suddenly ill-funk overtook his father. That good old man failed; the mill was not; there was nothing but anxiety at home. And at last, worse came; his father died soon after his mother. His father was very sad; his was poor, also; but he had hope, for he knew he was beloved by one he loved."  
 "One day he went to her for comfort. He remembered the day ever after. The low-built, old-fashioned house, the girl in her white dress and blue ribbons who came to greet him. He was full of life still, but that night, when he turned away from the house, he was ghost—the miserable ghost of his own self, for he no longer had any faith in love."  
 "Standing before him, pale and sad, and with tears in her eyes, it is true he heard the girl who had made the world bright for him, say:  
 "It is my father's will that we should part. I cannot disloyal to my father."  
 "Then she had told him that she loved him as well as ever; but he did not believe her. He thought his poverty had turned her heart from him; that she had never really felt tender toward him, and he left her in despair, believing all that had been said, as written about the falsehood of women was true. Yes, he had turned late to ghost."  
 "He might have known she was unhappy as he was," said Miss Carmody, from behind her handkerchief. "but what can a girl do when a father threatens to disown her, and she the only child he has? Yet nothing could make her marry anyone else."  
 "But the poor ghost did not know that," said the old man. "It wandered away, broken-hearted. It found way to the sea first, and then into a battle. For years it was a wretched ghost, greatly to be pitied, and wishing to die; but at last it grew content, though never happy, and worked in a great city at a trade until it had made a fortune."  
 "All the same, it was a miserable bachelor ghost, and never found mate; and it used to say often and ten, over and over again, to itself, 'women were all fickle, and that one loved had been utterly false to him.' He supposed her married to someone else, and all this time he grew older and older, and long years lay between him and the happy time when he was a boy."  
 "Long, long years," sighed Miss Abby. "Long, long years."  
 "But one day," proceeded the old gentleman, "one day there came him out of the past an old, familiar face, and amid the whirl of the city this ghost talked to him of green lanes and rippling streams of spot where he was born, and asked the house under the oaks and the who dwelt there once—the girl had been, as he thought, false to him. And this old friend told him some that made him feel suddenly that might come to life again."  
 "She never married," she said—it was a woman. "She lives in the house now." Other men loved her, she never loved any man but you, all knew that."  
 "And then the ghost said to him 'Forty years of life lost,' and 'down to the green country place haunt his old love and hear her say was sorry to see him.'"  
 "O, dear! O, dear!" sighed the lady in brown. "How could help it? All her beauty gone, all youth; what could she feel but and just a ghost herself?"  
 She rose and turned away. He and followed her, putting his arm about her waist.  
 "Prissy," he said, "you are the woman I ever loved. Is not that thing for a man to say, when it is true as gospel?"  
 "Yes," she said, "and I almost leave you, for—for I've never cared any one else, either."  
 "Fuss! why not do our best happy now, Prissy?" he said. "I don't marry each other and be people again, and two poor, lonely ghosts!"  
 "Because folks would call us two fools," said she.  
 "Well, let them," said he.  
 "Very well," said she; "I care."  
 Then the gentleman in gray the lady in brown; and said:  
 "What day shall we be married?"  
 What her answer was may be guessed when from the village just one month later, there rang joyous peal of wedding bells.—*McClure's*  
 Denin in N. Y. Weekly.  
 Muffled Knocks.  
 "Verena, bring Uncle Elijah's apple, he has tucked that one in his shirt."  
 "I was only joking when I said he had been calling on the maidservant Pimble; I can see that you have."  
 "It's awfully good of you to bring this evening, Mr. Spenser, as long as you must be from those abodes."  
 "How much trouble it is to be so good."  
 "Mr. Spenser," said the

## Hurry Up!

"Hurry up with breakfast, can't you? You've been sitting here two minutes without a thing to eat!"

"Hello, Bill! Going, my way? Hurry up or we'll miss the train!"

"Boy, take this letter over to Jones & Montgomery's office and hurry back. Hurry up now!"

"Hello! Yes. Told you, Maria? Yes. Yes. Well, talk quick. I'm in a hurry to get up town to keep an appointment."

"Walter, bring me a glass of milk and piece of apple pie. And hurry up! I'm in a hurry."

"Miss Tyler, hurry up with those letters, will you? I want to sign them before I leave."

"What's the matter with that darn elevator? Hurry up, can't you?"

"Can't stop tonight, Bill. Got to hurry up home. Going to the theatre."

"Can't you get Mary to hurry up? Dinner, Maria? We'll be late sure as you live."

"Hurry and fix this tie for me, will you, Maria? I never can make the darned things look decent."

"Hurry up! Do you know what time it is? We'll miss half the first act if you don't get a move on you."

"Hurry up and get on your things. We'll get out ahead of the crowd."

"Where am I going in such a hurry. Why, to get a table to eat, of course. Hurry, or we won't get a table."

"Hurry up! There comes our car! Hey! I!"

"Hurry and get that light out and come to bed. I've got to get off in a hurry tomorrow morning. ---Brooklyn Times.

**Willing to Help.**

"How much of an income do you think I ought to have before we get married?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied, "I hardly know. How much of an income have you?"

"Three thousand a year."

"Don't you think that is enough?"

"I'm afraid I could hardly support you in the style to which you have been accustomed, unless I managed somehow to get a good deal more."

"Well, of course, if it had to be done, I might use a less expensive kind of sausage cream."

**No Funny Business.**

Farmer Upstate (writing to college president): "That boy Josh, of ours, writes me that he's in love with his Alma Mater. Ma told me; think she would like the kind of a girl he would like for a daughter-in-law. So you break it off, will you? Use money, if necessary; but not more than five dollars. I have written the young scamp that I'll cut him off without a cent if he does any funny elopin' act."

**Boy Would Turn Turtle.**

Strickland W. Gillian has a four-year-old son whose pet is a turtle. One day the youngster, after a period of thinking, announced:

"I want I was a turtle."

"Why?"

"Because when I had a pain I could pull my head inside me and look around to see what the trouble was." ---Newark News.

**Made Him Hungry.**

"I'm hungry," complained a husky husband the other day.

"But you just had breakfast," argued his wife.

"I know it," answered the husband, "but as soon as I finished I drank a glass of water, and all those flannel cakes shrank right down to nothing."

---Milwaukee Sentinel.

Assistant District Attorney Clark was conducting a case in the Criminal Court the other day. A large, rough-shouldered negro was in the witness chair. "An' then," said the witness, "we all went down in the alley and shot a few craps."

"Ah," said Mr. Clark, swallowing his eyeglasses impressively. "Now, air, want you to address the jury and tell them just how you deal craps."

"Wass that?" asked the witness rolling his eyes.

"Address the jury, air," thundered Mr. Clark. "And tell them just how you deal craps."

"Leime oben bean," said the witness, uneasily. "Fire! thing I know this gemmen gwine ask me how I drink a sandwich."

"A statesman must rely a great deal on publicity," said the young man who is learning politics.

"Yes," replied Senator Birchburn. "But it must be carefully managed. His success may depend largely on getting what he says into print and keeping what he thinks out." ---Washington Star.

"He has a heart of gold, a grip of iron and a will of steel."

"Humph! He must be a man of iron."

"Did your watch stop when dropped on the floor?" asked one man of his friend.

"Of course," was the answer. "Did you think it would go through?"

"I am in receipt of a surprising letter from a young man who is just out of college." "What is surprising about it?" "He uses faultless English as his penmanship is so good that it reads every word right off." ---Chicago Record Herald.

"All right, daughter," her harassed father replied, "warry young Nock if you must. I'll give you a mirror at a wedding present."

"By a mirror?"

"So you can watch yourself starve to death."

Teacher (to little boy) --- "Fred Brooks, are you making faces at me?"

Freddie Brooks.--- "Please, teacher, ma'm, I was trying to smile at her, my face slipped."

Daughter. Papa, Harold said so several proposals came to your door yesterday.

Father. So they did, dear.

Daughter (anxiously). Were any of them for me?---Holliston American.

"What is that terrific noise?" asked the pedestrian.

"That," replied the policeman, caused by an ordinary 1-cent car, is a pin sticking into a three-million-dollar car."

### Silly Questions.

The principle, "Assume a virtue, If you have it not," was evidently that on which the "Alf" of the following story acted. The Pall Mall Gazette tells:

"Alf and 'Liz' were spectators at an auction meet, and the leaping mind the latter impelled her to ask:

"'Wot makes 'em go hop in the air, meen things?'"

Alf—'W'y, the blakies' bhojio' yer ly kiddy."

Liz—'Well, ain't motors got bhojio?'"

Alf—'Course they 'as, but they ain't no wings, 'ave 'em?'"

Liz—'Then it's the wings as makes 'em go up, ain't it?'"

Alf—'Fawwly, well, it's like this. They runs along the ground a bit, 'an' then the wind gits the wings, an' 'up 'ey goes. See?'"

Liz—'Wunnerful, ain't it?'"

Alf—'Jest abah,."

Liz—'Au' 'ow do they come dahin, 'uon Alf?'"

Alf—'W'y stop the bhojio, o' course. Liz—'But 'ow can they git the wind in from under the wings?'"

Alf—'Well—'I'instance—well, 'ow does bird do hit?'"

Liz—'I dunno,."

Alf—'You seen a bird, I 'spose, ain't yer?'"

Liz—'Eapa,."

Alf—'Au' you seen a bird come dabu, 's'pose?'"

Liz—'Oh, yus, I seen that,."

Alf—'Well, then, don't ask sich willy questions!'"

Flustings of the Gentle Cynic.

"If dogs could talk they wouldn't make such good friends.

"There wouldn't be much matrimony without a maiden effort.

"Most of us are glad the voice of conscience is so still and small that the neighbors can't overhear it.

"The average man is eager to gratify his wife's smallest wish. It's the big ones that go by the board.

"A pessimist is a man who would look for the thorns in a bed of roses.

"Even a thirst for glory has its after effects.

"The man who burns the midnight oil never seems to make as much money as he who sells it.

"One of the most annoying things in the world is to be prepared for an emergency that doesn't turn up.

"You can't always measure a woman's love by her sighs.

"Some people are too narrow minded to take a broad hint.

"It doesn't require an intimate knowledge of politics to realize that the healer cannot cure himself.

"There are few things with greater drawbacks than a promise with a string tied to it.

One at a Time.

A justice of the peace was holding court in a little Missouri town. One of the attending counsel laid against him an old grudge. While the justice was delivering an opinion he was interrupted by the braying of a jackass without.

"What noise is that?" shouted the justice full of suspicion that the unfriendly attorney was putting up a job on him.

"It is only the echo of the court, your honor," said the attorney, smiling.

Not in the least disconcerted the justice resumed his delivery. Soon, however, the attorney interposed with technical objections, just as the jack brayed again.

"Hold out!" retorted the reticent justice; "one at a time, if you please."

—From the Green Bag.

Happy Combination.

"Myrtle is in a quandary."

"What's the matter with her?"

"She loves music, but she needs physical culture."

"Yes?"

"But she hasn't time for both."

"I can tell her a way out of the difficulty."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Just tell her to buy an accordion."

—Youkers Statesman.

Quickly Recovered.

"The first time a man ever proposed to me," said Mrs. Atkinson, who was rather plain, "he took my breath away."

"Evidently you got it back to time to say yes before he could escape," replied her jealous neighbor.

A man who had purchased a fine looking horse soon discovered that the animal was blind, and after several weeks he succeeded in disposing of her, as the defect did not seem to lessen her speed or detract from her general appearance. The next day the owner of the horse appeared.

"Say, you know that mare you sold me?" he began. "She's stone blind."

"I know it, replied her past owner with an easy air.

"You didn't say anything to me about it," said the purchaser, his face red with anger.

"Well, you see," replied the other, "that fellow who sold her to me didn't tell me about it, and I just conclude that he didn't want it known."

Billy—Do you believe in signs?

Milly—Yes, indeed.

Billy—Well, last night I dreamed you were madly in love with me. What is that a sign of?

Milly—That's a sign you were dreaming.

Mrs. Flynn—They do be after sayin' that old man Kelly has got locomotive taxi.

Mr. Flynn—Well, he's got to money to run wiv a taxi if he wants ter, but fer my part I'd rather ha' good horses any day. —Judge.

"Have you put anything by for rainy day?" asked Mr. Plimlitt.

"Certainly," replied his wife. "I have saved enough to buy two dozen pairs of silk stockings." —Washington Star.

"They say he wasted his fortune as acherous girl."

"Oh, it wasn't wasted. She has kept any of it out of circulation."

Every man should have an snuff box, but he should not spend too much on it.

\* **Carter Lingle**

Louisa Costermonger was recaptured for obstructing the traffic in a barrow of fruit. The policeman displayed evidence and at the conclusion the coster said:

"That man's completely committed to me as well as he could. No, I want to arrest him tomorrow, I'll take a public house to light my way. I come out, and I say, 'I shall amuse you.' What for? says he. 'For slapping a line of traffic,' he says. I say, 'Where's the line of traffic?' 'Why, it's gone ahead now,' says I say, 'Then how could I have stopped it then?'"

Intimidated with a caution.

**What! Another One?**

The night clerk in a Chicago hotel is disabergated at seeing a man descending the stairs clad in bright pink pajamas.

"See here, sir," he shouted, "what do you mean by walking around in it at night?"

The man gave a start, put his hand to his head and said:

"Why, can't you see? I'm a 'sammus'!"

"Makes no difference what your religion is," ordered the clerk; "you can't come downstairs in them things!"

**Not Like Original.**

The present Lincoln academy exhibition, with its famous portrait, recalls a story of this famous artist. At a request a young lady whom he knew very well said to him: "Oo, Mr. Barrett, I saw your latest painting and loved it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you to return?"

"Why, no."

"Then," said Mr. Barrett, "it was not like me."—*Louisa Standaert.*

**Sizing Her Up.**

The young girl had been engaged as an amanuensis by a society woman. She discovered that nearly every day the husband and wife had a quarrel, so she gave notice that she was going to leave.

"Why?" inquired the lady in surprise.

"Oh, you don't want an amanuensis, madam," replied the girl. "What you want is a war correspondent."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**She Had Been.**

"You are absolutely impossible, Ellen," said the mistress of the house, who was a notorious fault finder. "I thought you said you were a lady's maid."

"And so I was, ma'am," calmly replied the girl, "until I came to work for you!"

**The Stars.**

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkin, "basculi is a great thing, isn't it?"

"Yes; but what makes you think so?"

"Without it some of our leading vaudeville entertainers wouldn't have any occupation in the summer months."

**The Easiest Way.**

"I know he's a darling, but I'm afraid it's no use—my husband doesn't like dogs."

"You buy 'im lody. You can easy get another 'usband, but you won't git another dog like 'im!"

**The Difference.**

Bill—"Dad, I wish you would tell me what is the difference between labor and capital."

Dad—"Well, if I found you ten cents that would be capital; and if I tried to get it back, that would be labor."

**Irish Village Seems Doomed.**

The historic village of Ardmore, County Waterford, Ireland, is doomed by the incoming sea, according to a recent report. The village is eight miles from Youghall, and contains many interesting remains of early ecclesiastical architecture.

"Why is Gertie so silent these days?" asked the young man in check.

"Well," replied the young man in the ventilated straw, "you see they've passed a law abolishing the expression 'I should worry' and her conversational resources are badly crippled."

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It discharges all irritations, breaks up the heat by a nice child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and at once and gently cures "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. "WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 100.

A worthless dog unmercifully demonstrated his faithfulness to his owner.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, nervous prostration, indigestion, heartburn, indigestion, dyspepsia, etc. If these would take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills (and they are all) they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily oppress them, and, no, continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill recommended.

It takes a smart man to beat a dog meter a hard-boiled egg.

Peppermint, eucalyptus, eucalyptus, treacherous perfume, headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

A private knocker is a public nuisance.

My friend, look hard you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Little Liver Pills will relieve her, now why not tell her about it and buy her a box?

The only thing some fellows are driven to.

### All Sorts

"Sweet Jesus confounda," said poor  
 Jack.  
 "When she feeds on deviled ham,  
 and that she is just as good  
 as she lives on angel food."  
 "Is the patient out of danger yet?"  
 "Well, not altogether, fine straided  
 as is still with him."—St. Louis  
 Public.  
 "Why has the bass viol player such  
 unhappy expression?"  
 "Dear me,  
 because he has to stand for any-  
 of the orchestra plays."—Minneapolis  
 Herald.  
 "Now, children," said the Bishop  
 of teacher to the juvenile class,  
 "any of you tell me what an epis-  
 ple is?"  
 "I can," answered a little fellow in  
 class. "An epistle is the wife of an  
 aisle."—Judge.  
 "Tipper (after a long straight drive  
 gutter)—What's e do now, Ernest?  
 Herbert—Wheela after it and fix it  
 in."  
 "Tipper—Do e? Lot's tumme, then I  
 will take jilly good care not to let it  
 fur.—Punch.  
 "I see that Miss Nifty has joined the  
 at majority," said the Grouch.  
 "Is she dead?" asked the Grouch.  
 "Law," replied Grouch, "she married  
 and named Smith."—Cincinnati En-  
 quirer.  
 "Living Fletcher gave at the West-  
 ert building dinner in New York a  
 and deduction of economy.  
 "Economy?" Mr. Fletcher said, "is a  
 of spending money without get-  
 any thing out of it."—Detroit Free  
 Press.  
 "What is the initiative and referen-  
 dum?"  
 "It's this way. If I want to go any-  
 where or do anything I must take the  
 initiative by mentioning it to my wife,  
 then she decides whether I can or not.  
 That's the referendum."—Washington  
 Post.  
 "Proud Father (to visitor)—The place  
 my daughter has just played was the  
 venture in "Jigun."  
 "Visitor—Really? Who would have  
 thought it?"—Eugene Daily Blatter.  
 "I shouldn't mind, myself, if they  
 tossed the 'pups' a couple o' poun-  
 dowers. Wol Leez is, if a man ain't  
 with 'em 'sist ten, 'e ain't trying."—  
 Punch.  
 "I wish this fellow wouldn't send  
 you so many omeleters," said the  
 other author.  
 "Why?" sniggered the girl. "Are you  
 calous?"  
 "No; but I prefer to eat marshmal-  
 lows."—Kansas City Journal.  
 "I don't like that snidled man,"  
 said the Cincinnati Lady.  
 "What's the matter with him?"  
 "He's the Snake Charmer."  
 "Oh, he's so hard to get acquainted  
 with," replied the Cincinnati Lady.  
 Cincinnati Enquirer.  
 Business Manager. Well, how many  
 orders did you get yesterday?  
 Heeler. I got two orders in one  
 place.  
 B. M. That's the stuff. What were  
 they?  
 H. One was to get out and the other  
 was to stay out.—Cornell Widow.  
 "I specs dat gemen" has his auto-  
 mobile figured wrong," said Mr. Eras-  
 tus Puckley as he watched the man  
 and the motor.  
 "What do you mean?"  
 "He said it were a 50-horse-power in-  
 line. De way it bakes I speck he mus'  
 a' meant mile-power."—Washington  
 Star.  
 Oh, why should the spirit of mortal  
 be proud?  
 He asks a fair maid who loves clothes  
 that won't crowd;  
 And when they go walking the streets  
 of the town,  
 His friends can see him through her  
 new see-more-gown.  
 Cincinnati Enquirer.  
 "You know what happened to the  
 man who said 'I can't'?"  
 "Sure; he got 'canned.'"—Judge.  
 "The Lord helps him who helps  
 himself."  
 Snatching another kiss, he cried,  
 A football sounded on the stair,  
 "The Lord help you!" the maiden  
 sighed.  
 Boston Transcript.  
 "I suppose your boy at college will  
 be home pretty soon."  
 "Oh, yes, we had a letter from him  
 today. He's awfully proud of his  
 standing."  
 "Somewhere near the head of the  
 class, eh?"  
 "Oh, no, his social standing. He's  
 seventh on the waiting list for the  
 Grease and Griddle society. What do  
 you think of that?"  
 "Have you ever made a serious mis-  
 take in putting up a prescription?"  
 asked the customer of the apothecary.  
 "Never, but once," said the drug  
 man. "I charged a man 30 cents in-  
 stead of a dollar and a half."—Pitts-  
 burgh Chronicle-Telegraph.  
 The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for  
 me to go and see her boy, and I must  
 go at once.  
 His Wife—What is the matter with  
 the boy?  
 The Doctor—I don't know, but Mrs.  
 Brown has a book on "What to Do  
 Before the Doctor Comes," and I must  
 hurry up before she does it.—Puck.  
 Tourist (landing on small island in  
 Hebrides—to old residents)—Who lives  
 here my friend?  
 "Oh, just me and the wife and my  
 brother-in-law."  
 "And what sort of place is it?"  
 "On an awful place for scandal!"—  
 Punch.  
 Louie—"They say that Dame For-  
 tune knocks once at every man's  
 door."  
 Smart—"It was her daughter, Mis-  
 fortune, who called upon me."—Boston  
 Transcript.  
 Mrs. Exe—It isn't right to charge  
 Willie with taking that money out of  
 your pocket. Why don't you accus-  
 me?  
 Mr. Exe—Because it wasn't taken  
 —Boston Transcript.  
 "Funny thing."  
 "What?"  
 "Because marriage it's and costs as  
 afterwards it's just bills."—Fried  
 Union.

**Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA**

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